



Gravelot inv.

J. V. Gucht Sculp



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T H E
T E M P E S T:
OR, THE
ENCHANTED ISLAND.
A
C O M E D Y.
By Mr. D R Y D E N.



L O N D O N:
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THE P R E F A C E.

THE writing of Prefaces to Plays, was probably invented by some very ambitious Poet, who never thought he had done enough: Perhaps by some Ape of the *French* Eloquence, which uses to make a Business of a Letter of Gallantry, an Examen of a Farce; and, in short, a great Pomp and Ostentation of Words on every Trifle. This is certainly the Talent of that Nation, and ought not to be invaded by any other. They do that out of Gaiety, which would be an Imposition upon us.

We may satisfy our selves with surmounting them in the Scene, and safely leave them those Trappings of Writing, and Flourishes of the Pen, with which they adorn the Borders of their Plays, and which are indeed no more than good Landskips to a very indifferent Picture. I must proceed no farther in this Argument, lest I run my self beyond my Excuse for

P R E F A C E.

Writing this. Give me leave therefore to tell you, Reader, that I do it not to set a Value on any thing I have written in this Play, but out of Gratitude to the Memory of Sir *William Davenant*, who did me the Honour to join me with him in the Alteration of it.

It was originally *Shakespear's*: A Poet for whom he had particularly a high Veneration, and whom he first taught me to admire. The Play it self had formerly been acted with Success in the *Black-Friers*: And our excellent *Fletcher* had so great a Value for it, that he thought fit to make use of the same Design, not much varied, a second Time. Those who have seen his *Sea-Voyage*, may easily discern that it was a Copy of *Shakespear's Tempest*: The Storm, the Desert Island, and the Woman who had never seen a Man, are all sufficient Testimonies of it. But *Fletcher* was not the only Poet who made use of *Shakespear's* Plot: Sir *John Suckling*, a profess'd Admirer of our Author, has follow'd his Footsteps in his *Goblins*; his *Reginella* being an open Imitation of *Shakespear's Miranda*; and his *Spirits*, though Counterfeit, yet are copied from *Ariel*. But Sir *William Davenant*, as he was a Man of a quick and piercing Imagination, soon found that somewhat might be added to the Design of *Shakespear*, of which neither *Fletcher* nor *Suckling* had ever thought: And therefore to put the last Hand to it, he design'd the Counter-part to *Shakespear's* Plot, namely, that of a Man who had never seen a Woman; that by this means those two Characters of Innocence and Love might the more illustrate and commend each other. This excellent Contrivance he was pleas'd to communicate to me, and to desire my Assistance in it. I confess, that from the very first Moment it so pleas'd

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pleas'd me, that I never writ any thing with more Delight. I must likewise do him that justice to acknowledge, that my Writing received daily his Amendments, and that is the Reason why it is not so faulty, as the rest which I have done without the Help or Correction of so judicious a Friend. The Comical Parts of the Sailors were also of his Invention, and for the most Part his Writing, as you will easily discover by the Style. In the time I writ with him, I had the Opportunity to observe somewhat more nearly of him, than I had formerly done, when I had only a bare Acquaintance with him: I found him then of so quick a Fancy, that nothing was propos'd to him, on which he could not suddenly produce a Thought extremely Pleasant and Surprising: And those first Thoughts of his, contrary to the old *Latin* Proverb, were not always the least happy. And as his Fancy was quick, so likewise were the Products of it remote and new. He borrowed not of any other; and his Imaginations were such as could not easily enter into any other Man. His Corrections were sober and judicious: And he corrected his own Writings much more severely than those of another Man, bestowing twice the Time and Labour in polishing, which he us'd in Invention. It had perhaps been easy enough for me to have arrogated more to my self than was my Due, in the Writing of this Play, and to have pass'd by his Name with silence in the Publication of it, with the same Ingratitude which others have us'd to him, whose Writings he hath not only corrected, as he hath done this, but has had a greater Inspection over them, and sometimes added whole Scenes together, which may as easily be distinguish'd from the rest, as true Gold from counterfeit by the Weight. But besides the Unworthiness of the Action which deterred me from it

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(there being nothing so base as to rob the Dead of his Reputation) I am satisfy'd I could never have receiv'd so much Honour, in being thought the Author of any Poem, how excellent soever, as I shall from the joining my Imperfections with the Merit and Name of *Shakespear* and Sir *William Davenant*.

December 1.

1669.

JOHN DRYDEN.

See Epilogue
1667.



PRO-

PROLOGUE.

AS when a Tree's cut down, the secret Root
Lives under Ground, and thence new Branches shoot;
So, from old Shakespear's honour'd Dust, this Day
Springs up and buds a new reviving Play.
Shakespear, who (taught by none) did first impart
To Fletcher Wit, to labouring Johnson Art:
He Monarch-like, gave those his Subjects Law,
And is that Nature which they paint and draw.
Fletcher reach'd that which on his Heights did grow,
Whilst Johnson crept and gather'd all below.
This did his Love, and this his Mirth digest:
One imitates him most, the other best.
If they have since out-writ all other Men,
'Tis with the Drops which fell from Shakespear's Pen.
The Storm which vanish'd on the neighb'ring Shoar,
Was taught by Shakespear's Tempest first to roar.
That Innocence and Beauty which did smile
In Fletcher, grew on this Enchanted Isle.
But Shakespear's Magick could not copy'd be,
Within that Circle none durst walk but he.
I must confess 'twas bold, nor would you now
That Liberty to vulgar Wits allow,
Which works by Magick supernatural Things:
But Shakespear's Pow'r is sacred as a King's.
Those Legends from old Priesthood were receiv'd,
And then he writ, as People then believ'd.
But, if for Shakespear we your Grace implore,
We for our Theater shall want it more:
Who by our Dearth of Youths are forc'd to employ
One of our Women to present a Boy.
And that's a Transformation you will say,
Exceeding all the Magick in the Play.
Let none expect in the last Act to find
Her Sex transform'd from Man to Woman-kind.
Whate'er she was before the Play began,
All you shall see of her is perfect Man.
Or if your Fancy will be farther led
To find her Woman, it must be a-bed.

*Lines omitted (the
are the same as in the*

Dramatis Personæ.

ALONZO, Duke of *Savoy*, and Usurper of the Dukedom of *Mantua*.

FERDINAND, his Son.

PROSPERO, right Duke of *Millain*.

ANTONIO, his Brother, Usurper of the Dukedom.

GONZALO, a Nobleman of *Savoy*.

HIPPOLITO, one that never saw Woman, right Heir of the Dukedom of *Mantua*.

STEPHANO, Master of the Ship.

MUSTACHO, his Mate.

TRINCALO, Boatswain.

VENTOSO, a Mariner.

Several Mariners.

A Cabin-Boy.

MIRANDA and } (Daughters to PROSPERO) that never saw Man.
DORINDA }

ARIEL, an airy Spirit, Attendant on PROSPERO.

Several Spirits, Guards to PROSPERO.

CALIBAN, }
SYCORAX, his Sister, } Two Monsters of the Isle.

THE



THE T E M P E S T.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

*The Front of the Stage is open'd, and the Band of twenty four Violins, with the Harpsicals and Theorbo's which accompany the Voices, are plac'd between the Pit and the Stage. While the Overture is playing, the Curtain rises, and discovers a new Frontispiece, join'd to the great Pylasters, on each side of the Stage. This Frontispiece is a noble Arch, supported by large wreathed Columns of the Corinthian Order; the Wreathings of the Columns are beautify'd with Roses wound round them, and several Cupids flying about them. On the Cornice, just over the Capitals, sits on either side a Figure, with a Trumpet in one Hand, and a Palm in the other, representing Fame. A little farther, on the same Cornice, on each side of a Compass-pediment, lie a Lion and a Unicorn, the Supporters of the Royal Arms of England. In the middle of the Arch are several Angels, holding the King's Arms, as if they were placing them in the midst of that Compass-pediment. Behind this is the Scene, which represents a thick Cloudy Sky, a very Rocky Coast, and a Tempestuous Sea in perpetual Agitation. This Tempest (suppos'd to be rais'd by Magick) has many dreadful Objects in it, as several Spirits in horrid Shapes flying down amongst
the*

the Sailors, then rising and crossing in the Air. And when the Ship is sinking, the whole House is darken'd, and a Shower of Fire falls upon 'em. This is accompanied with Lightning, and several Claps of Thunder, to the End of the Storm.

Enter Mustacho and Ventoso.

V E N T O S O.



H A T a Sea comes in!

Must. A hoaming Sea! we shall have foul Weather.

Enter Trincalo.

Trinc. The Scud comes against the Wind, 'twill blow hard.

Enter Stephano

Steph. Bosen!

Trinc. Here, Master, what say you?

Steph. I'll Weather! let's off to Sea.

Must. Let's have Sea Room enough, and then let it blow the Devil's Head off.

Steph. Boy! Boy!

Enter Cabin Boy.

Boy. Yaw, yaw, here Master.

Steph. Give the Pilot a Dram of the Bottle.

[Exeunt Stephano and Boy.]

Enter Mariners, and pass over the Stage.

Trinc. Bring the Cable to the Capstern.

Enter Alonzo, Antonio, and Gonzalo.

Alon. Good Bosen have a care; where's the Master? Play the Men.

Trinc. Pray keep below.

Anto. Where's the Master, Bosen?

Trinc. Do you not hear him? You hinder us: Keep your Cabins, you help the Storm.

Gonz. Nay, good Friend be patient.

Trinc. Ay, when the Sea is: Hence; what care these Reapers for the Name of Duke? To Cabin; silence; trouble us not.

Gonz. Good Friend, remember whom thou hast aboard.

Trinc.

Trinc. None that I love more than my self: You are a Counsellor, if you can advise these Elements to silence, use your Wisdom: If you cannot, make your self ready in the Cabin for the ill Hour. Cheerly good Hearts! out of our way, Sirs. [*Exeunt Trincalo and Mariners.*]

Gonz. I have great Comfort from this Fellow; methinks his Complexion is perfect Gallows; stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging; make the Rope of his Destiny our Cable, for our own does little advantage us; if he be not born to be hang'd, we shall be drown'd. [*Exit.*]

Enter Trincalo and Stephano.

Trinc. Up aloft, Lads. Come, reef both Top-sails.

Steph. Make haste, let's weigh, let's weigh, and off to Sea. [*Exit Steph.*]

Enter two Mariners, and pass over the Stage.

Trinc. Hands down! Man your Main-Capstern.

Enter Mustacho and Ventoso at the other Door.

Must. Up aloft! and man your Seere-Capstern.

Vent. My Lads, my Hearts of Gold, get in your Capstern-Bar. Hoa up, hoa up, &c.

[*Exeunt Mustacho and Ventoso.*]

Enter Stephano.

Steph. Hold on well! hold on well! nip well there; Quarter-Master, get's more Nippers. [*Exit Steph.*]

Enter two Mariners, and pass over again.

Trinc. Turn out, turn out all Hands to Capstern. You Dogs, is this a time to sleep? Lubbord. Heave together, Lads. [*Trincalo whistles.*]

[*Exeunt Mustacho and Ventoso.*]

Must. within. Our Vial's broke.

Vent. within. 'Tis but our Vial-block has given way. Come, heave Lads! we are fix'd again. Heave together, Bullies.

Enter Stephano.

Steph. Cut down the Hammocks! cut down the Hammocks! come, my Lads: Come, Bullies, cheer up! heave lustily. The Anchor's a Peek.

Trinc. Is the Anchor a Peek?

Steph. Is a weigh! is a weigh.

Trinc.

Trinc. Up aloft, my Lads, upon the Fore-castle! cut the Anchor, cut him.

All within. Haul Catt, haul Catt, &c. Haul Catt, haul: Haul Catt, haul. Below.

Steph. Aft, aft, and loose the Misen!

Trinc. Get the Misen-tack aboard. Haul aft Misen-sheet!

Enter Mustacho.

Must. Loose the Main-top-sail!

Steph. Let him alone, there's too much Wind.

Trinc. Loose Fore-sail! haul aft both Sheets! trim her right afore the Wind. Aft! aft! Lads, and hale up the Misen here.

Must. A Mackrel-gale, Master.

Steph. within. Port hard, port! the Wind veeres forward, bring the Tack aboard Port is. Star-board, Star-board, a little steady; now steady, keep her thus, no nearer you cannot come, 'till the Sails are loose.

Enter Ventoso.

Vent. Some Hands down: The Guns are loose.

[*Ex. Must.*

Trinc. Try the Pump, try the Pump. [*Ex. Vent.*

Enter Mustacho at the other Door.

Must. O Master! six Foot Water in Hold.

Steph. Clap the Helm hard aweather! Flat, flat, flat, in the Fore-sheet there.

Trinc. Over-haul your Fore-boling.

Steph. Brace in the Lar-board.

[*Exit.*

Trinc. A Curse upon this howling, [*A great Cry within.* They are louder than the Weather.

Enter Antonio and Gonzalo.

Yet again, what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Ha' you a mind to sink?

Gonz. A Pox o' your Throat, you bawling, blasphemous, uncharitable Dog.

Trinc. Work you then and be poxt.

Anto. Hang, Cur, hang, you whorson insolent Noisemaker, we are less afraid to be drown'd than thou art.

Trinc. Ease the Fore-brace a little.

[*Exit.*

Gonz. I'll warrant him for drowning, though the Ship were no stronger than a Nut-shell, and as leaky as an unstanch'd Wench.

Enter

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Enter Alonzo and Ferdinand.

Ferd. For my self I care not, but your Loss brings a thousand Deaths to me.

Alon. O name not me, I am grown old, my Son;
I now am tedious to the World, and that,
By use, is so to me: But, *Ferdinand*,
I grieve my Subjects Loss in thee: Alas!
I suffer justly for my Crimes, but why
Thou should'st ——— O Heaven! [*A Cry within.*
Hark! farewell, my Son, a long farewell!

Enter Trincalo, Mustacho, and Ventoso.

Trinc. What, must our Mouths be cold then?

Vent. All's lost. To Prayers, to Prayers.

Gonz. The Duke and Prince are gone within to Prayers.
Let's assist them.

Must. Nay, we may e'en pray too, our
Case is now alike.

Ant. Mercy upon us! we split, we split!

Gonz. Let's all sink with the Duke, and the young
Prince. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Stephano and Trincalo.

Trinc. The Ship is sinking. [*A new Cry within.*

Steph. Run her ashore!

Trinc. Luff! luff! or we are all lost! there's a Rock
upon the Starboard-bow.

Steph. She strikes, she strikes! All shift for themselves.
[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

*In the midst of the Shower of Fire, the Scene changes. The
Cloudy Sky, Rocks, and Sea vanish; and when the Lights
return, discover that beautiful Part of the Island, which
was the Habitation of Prospero: 'Tis compos'd of three
Walks of Cypress-Trees, each Side-walk leads to a Cave,
in one of which Prospero keeps his Daughters, in the
other Hippolito: The Middle-walk is of great Depth,
and leads to an open Part of the Island.*

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Pros. Miranda, where's your Sister?

Mir. I left her looking from the pointed Rock,
At the Walk's end, on the huge beat of Waters.

Prosp. It is a dreadful Object.

Mir. If by your Art,
My dearest Father, you have put them in
This Roar, allay 'em quickly.

Prosp. I have so order'd,
That not one Creature in the Ship is lost :
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
My Daughter, and thy pretty Sister :
You both are Ignorant of what you are,
Not knowing whence I am, nor that I'm more
Than *Prospero*, Master of a narrow Cell,
And thy unhappy Father.

Mir. I ne'er endeavour'd
To know more than you were pleas'd to tell me.

Prosp. I should inform thee farther.

Mir. You often, Sir, began to tell me what I am,
But then you stopt.

Prosp. The Hour's now come ;
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came into this Cell ?
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wert not
Full three Years old.

Mir. Certainly I can, Sir.

Prosp. Tell me the Image then of any thing
Which thou dost keep in thy Remembrance still.

Mir. Sir, had I not four or five Women once that
tended me ?

Prosp. Thou hadst, and more, *Miranda* : What seest
thou else

In the dark Back-ward, and Abyss of Time ?
If thou remembrest ought ere thou cam'st here,
Then how thou cam'st thou may'st remember too.

Mir. Sir, that I do not.

Prosp. Fifteen Years since, *Miranda*,
Thy Father was the Duke of *Millain*, and
A Prince of Power.

Mir. Sir, are not you my Father ?

Prosp. Thy Mother was all Virtue, and she said
Thou wast my Daughter, and thy Sister too.

Mir. O Heav'ns ! what foul Play had we, that
We hither came, or was't a Blessing that we did ?

Pros. Both, both, my Girl.

Mir. But, Sir, I pray proceed.

Pros. My Brother, and thy Uncle, call'd *Antonio*,
To whom I trusted then the Manage of my State,
While I was wrap'd with secret Studies: That false Uncle
Having attain'd the Craft of granting Suits,
And of denying them; whom to advance,
Or lop for over-topping, soon was grown
The Ivy which did hide my Princely Trunk,
And suck'd my Verdure out: Thou attend'st not.

Mir. O good Sir, I do.

Pros. I thus neglecting worldly Ends, and bent
To Closeness, and the bettering of my Mind,
Wak'd in my false Brother an evil Nature: He did be-
lieve

He was indeed the Duke, because he then
Did execute the outward Face of Sovereignty.
Do'st thou still mark me?

Mir. Your Story would cure Deafness.

Pros. This false Duke
Needs would be absolute in *Millain*, and Confederate
With *Savoy's* Duke, to give him Tribute, and
To do him Homage.

Mir. False Man!

Pros. This Duke of *Savoy* being an Enemy
To me inveterate, strait grants my Brother's Suit,
And on a Night mated to his Design,
Antonio open'd the Gates of *Millain*, and
I th' dead of Darkness hurried me thence,
With thy young Sister, and thy crying self.

Mir. But wherefore did they not that Hour destroy us?

Pros. They durst not, Girl, in *Millain*, for the Love
My People bore me; in short, they hurry'd us
Away to *Savoy*, and thence aboard a Bark at *Nissa's* Port,
Bore us some Leagues to Sea, where they prepar'd
A rotten Carkass of a Boat, not rigg'd,
No Tackle, Sail, nor Mast; the very Rats
Instinctively had quit it.

Mir. Alack! what Trouble
Was I then to you?

Pros.

Prosp. Thou and thy Sister were
Two Cherubins, which did preserve me : You both
Did smile, infus'd with Fortitude from Heav'n.

Mir. How came we ashoar ?

Prosp. By Providence Divine,
Some Food we had, and some fresh Water, which
A Nobleman of Savoy, call'd Gonzalo,
Appointed Master of that black Design,
Gave us; with rich Garments, and all Necessaries,
Which since have steaded much; And of his Gentleness
(Knowing I lov'd my Books) he furnish'd me
From mine own Library, with Volumes which
I prize above my Dukedom.

Mir. Would I might see that Man !

Prosp. Here in this Island we arriv'd, and here
Have I your Tutor been. But by my Skill
I find, that my Mid-heaven doth depend
On a most happy Star, whose Influence
If I now court not, but omit, my Fortunes
Will ever after droop : Here cease more Questions,
Thou art inclin'd to sleep : 'Tis a good Dulness,
And give it way ; I know thou canst not chuse.

[*She falls asleep.*]

Come away, my Spirit : I am ready now, approach,
My *Ariel*, come.

Enter Ariel.

Ariel. All hail, great Master, grave
Sir, hail, I come to answer thy best Pleasure,
Be it to fly, to swim, to shoot into the Fire,
To ride on the curl'd Clouds ; to thy strong bidding,
Task *Ariel*, and all his Qualities.

Prosp. Hast thou, Spirit, perform'd to point
The Tempest that I bad thee ?

Ariel. To every Article,
I boarded the Duke's Ship, now on the Beak,
Now in the Wasse, the Deck, in every Cabin,
I flam'd Amazement ; and sometimes I seem'd
To burn in many places, on the Top-mast,
The Yards, and Bow-sprit, I did flame distinctly ;
Nay, once I rain'd a Shower of Fire upon 'em.

Prosp.

Prosp. My brave Spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this Coil
Did not infect his Reason?

Ariel. Not a Soul
But felt a Fever of the Mind, and plaid
Some Tricks of Desperation; all,
But Mariners, plung'd in the foaming Brine,
And quit the Vessel: The Duke's Son, *Ferdinand*,
With Hair upstaring, (more like Reeds than Hair)
Was the first Man that leap'd; cry'd, Hell is empty,
And all the Devils are here.

Prosp. Why that's my Spirit!
But was not this high Shoar?

Ariel. Close by, my Master.

Prosp. But, *Ariel*, are they safe?

Ariel. Not a Hair perish'd.
In Troops I have dispers'd them round this Isle.
The Duke's Son I have landed by himself,
Whom I have left warming the Air with Sighs,
In an odd Angle of the Isle, and sitting,
His Arms he folded in this sad Knot.

Prosp. Say how thou hast dispos'd the Mariners
Of the Duke's Ship, and all the rest o' th' Fleet?

Ariel. Safely in Harbour
Is the Duke's Ship, in the deep Nook, where once
Thou call'd'st me up at Midnight to fetch Dew
From the Still-vex'd *Bermootbes*, there she's hid,
The Mariners all under Hatches stow'd,
Whom, with a Charm, join'd to their suffer'd Labour,
I have left asleep; and for the rest o' th' Fleet,
(Which I dispers'd) they all have met again,
And are upon the *Mediterranean* Float,
Bound sadly home for *Italy*;
Supposing that they saw the Duke's Ship wrack'd,
And his great Person perish.

Prosp. *Ariel*, thy Charge
Exactly is perform'd, but there's more Work:
What is the time o' th' Day?

Ariel. Past the Mid-season.

Prosp. At least two Glasses:

The Time 'tween six and now must by us both
Be spent most preciouslly.

Ariel. Is there more Toil?
Since thou dost give me Pains, let me remember
Thee what thou hast promised, which is not yet
Perform'd me.

Prosp. How now, *Moody*?
What is't thou canst Demand?

Ariel. My Liberty.

Prosp. Before the Time be out? no more.

Ariel. I pr'ythee!
Remember I have done thee faithful Service,
Told thee no Lyes, made thee no Mistakings,
Serv'd without or Grudge, or Grumbings:
Thou didst promise to bate me a full Year.

Prosp. Dost thou forget
From what a Torment I did free thee?

Ariel. No.

Prosp. Thou dost, and think'st it much to tread the
Ooze
Of the salt Deep:

To run against the sharp Wind of the North,
To do my Business in the Veins of the Earth,
When it is bak'd with Frost.

Ariel. I do not, Sir.

Prosp. Thou ly'st, malignant Thing! hast thou forgot
The foul Witch *Sycorax*, who, with Age and Envy,
Was grown into a Hoop? Hast thou forgot her?

Ariel. No, Sir.

Prosp. Thou hast; where was she born? Speak, tell me.

Ariel. Sir, in *Argier*.

Prosp. Oh, was she so! I must
Once every Month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forgett'st. This damn'd Witch *Sycorax*
For Mischiefs manifold, and Sorceries
Too terrible to enter human Hearing,
From *Argier* thou know'st was banish'd:
But for one thing she did,
They would not take her Life: Is not this true?

Ariel. Ay, Sir.

Prosp.

Pros. This blue-ey'd Hag was hither brought with Child,

And here was left by th' Sailors; thou, my Slave,
As thou report'st thy self, wast then her Servant,
And 'cause thou wast a Spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd Commands;
Refusing her grand Hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent Ministers,
(In her unmitigable Rage) into a cloven Pine,
Within whose Rift imprison'd, thou didst painfully
Remain a dozen Years; within which space she dy'd,
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy Groans,
As fast as Mill-wheels strike. Then was this Isle
(Save for two Brats, which she did Litter here,
The brutish *Caliban*, and his Twin-sister,
Two freckled hag-born Whelps) not honour'd with
A human Shape.

Ariel. Yes! *Caliban* her Son, and *Sycorax* his Sister.

Pros. Dull thing, I say so; he,
That *Caliban*, and she, that *Sycorax*,
Whom I now keep in Service. Thou best know'st
What Torment I did find thee in, thy Groans
Did make Wolves howl, and penetrate the Breasts
Of ever-angry Bears, it was a Torment
To lay upon the Damn'd, which *Sycorax*
Could ne'er again undo: It was my Art,
When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made the Pine
To gape, and let thee out.

Ariel. I thank thee, Master.

Pros. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an Oak,
And peg thee in his knotty Entrails, till thou
Hast howl'd away twelve Winters more.

Ariel. Pardon, Master,
I will be correspondent to command,
And be a gentle Spirit.

Pros. Do so, and after two Days I'll discharge thee.

Ariel. Thanks, my great Master. But I have yet
one Request.

Pros. What's that, my Spirit?

Ariel. I know that this Day's Business is important,
Re-

Requiring too much Toil for one alone.
 I have a gentle Spirit for my Love,
 Who twice seven Years has waited for my Freedom:
 Let it appear, it will assist me much,
 And we with mutual Joy shall entertain
 Each other. This I beseech you grant me.

Pros. You shall have your desire.

Ariel. That's my noble Master. *Milcha!*

[*Milcha flies down to his Assistance.*]

Milc. I am here, my Love.

Ariel. Thou art free! welcome, my Dear!
 What shall we do? Say, say, what shall we do?

Pros. Be subject to no Sight but mine, invisible
 To every Eye-ball else: Hence with diligence,
 Anon thou shalt know more.

[*They both fly up and cross in the Air.*]

Thou hast slept well, my Child.

[*To Mir.*]

Mir. The Sadness of your Story put Heaviness in me.

Pros. Shake it off; come on, I'll now call *Caliban*, my
 Slave, who never yields us a kind Answer.

Mir. 'Tis a Creature, Sir, I do not love to look on.

Pros. But as 'tis, we cannot miss him; he does make our
 Fire, fetch in our Wood, and serve in Offices that profit
 us: What hoa! Slave! *Caliban!* thou Earth thou, speak.

Calib. within. There's Wood enough within.

Pros. Thou poisonous Slave, got by the Devil himself
 Upon thy wicked Dam, come forth.

Enter Caliban.

Calib. As wicked Dev, as e'er my Mother brush'd
 with Raven's Feather from unwho'esome Fens, drop on
 you both: A South-west Wind blow on you, and blister
 you all o'er.

Pros. For this be sure, to Night thou shalt have Cramps,
 Side-stitches, that shall pen thy Breath up; Urchins shall
 prick thee till thou bleed'st: Thou shalt be pinch'd as
 thick as Honey-combs, each Pinch more stinging than
 the Bees which made 'em.

Calib. I must eat my Dinner: This Island's mine by
Sycorax my Mother, which thou took'st from me. When
 thou cam'st first, thou stroak'dst me, and mad'st much of
 me,

me, would'st give me Water with Berries in't, and teach me how to name the bigger Light, and how the less, that burn by Day and Night; and then I lov'd thee, and shew'd thee all the Qualities of the Isle, the Fresh-springs, Brine-pits, barren Places and fertile. Curs'd be I that I did so: All the Charms of *Sycorax*, Toads, Beetles, Bats, light on thee, for I am all the Subjects that thou hast. I first was mine own Lord; and here thou stay'st me in this hard Rock, whiles thou dost keep from me the rest o'th' Island.

Pros. Thou most lying Slave, whom Stripes may move, not Kindness: I have us'd thee (Filth as thou art) with human Care, and lodg'd thee in mine own Cell, till thou didst seek to violate the Honour of my Children.

Calib. Oh ho, oh ho, would't had been done: Thou didst prevent me, I had peopl'd else this Isle with *Calibans*.

Pros. Abhorred Slave! who ne'er wouldst any print of Goodness take, being capable of all Ill: I pity'd thee, took Pains to make thee speak, taught thee each Hour one thing or other; when thou didst not (Savage) know thy own Meaning, but wouldst gabble, like a thing most brutish, I endow'd thy Purposes with Words, which made them known: But thy wild Race (tho' thou didst learn) had that in't, which good Natures could not abide to be with: Therefore wast thou deservedly pent up into this Rock.

Calib. You taught me Language, and my Profit by it is, that I know to Curse: The red Botch rid you for learning me your Language!

Pros. Hag-seed hence!

Fetch us in Fuel, and be quick

To answer other Business: Shrug'st thou (Malice)

If thou neglectest, or dost unwillingly

What I command, I'll wrack thee with old Cramps;

Fill all thy Bones with Aches, make thee roar,

That Beasts shall tremble at thy Din.

Calib. No pr'ythee!

I must obey. His Art is of such power,

It

It would controul my Dam's God, *Setebos*,
And make a Vassal of him.

Prosp. So, Slave, hence.

[*Exeunt Prospero and Caliban severally.*]

Enter Dorinda.

Dor. Oh, Sister! what have I beheld!

Mir. What is it moves you so?

Dor. From yonder Rock,

As I my Eyes cast down upon the Seas,
The whistling Winds blew rudely on my Face,
And the Waves roar'd; at first I thought the War
Had been between themselves, but strait I 'spy'd
A huge great Creature.

Mir. O you mean the Ship.

Dor. Is't not a Creature then? It seem'd alive.

Mir. But what of it?

Dor. This floating Ram did bear his Horns above,
All ty'd with Ribbands ruffling in the Wind;
Sometimes he nodded down his Head a-while,
And then the Waves did heave him to the Moon;
He clamb'ring to the Top of all the Billows,
And then again he curtsy'd down so low,
I could not see him: Till, at last, all side-long
With a great Crack his Belly burst in pieces.

Mir. There all had perish'd,
Had not my Father's magick Art reliev'd them.
But, Sister, I have stranger News to tell you;
In this great Creature there were other Creatures,
And shortly we may chance to see that thing,
Which you have heard my Father call, a Man.

Dor. But what is that? For yet he never told me.

Mir. I know no more than you: But I have heard
My Father say, we Women were made for him.

Dor. What, that he should eat us, Sister?

Mir. No sure, you see my Father is a Man, and yet
He does us good. I would he were not old.

Dor. Methinks indeed it would be finer, if
We two had two young Fathers.

Mir. No, Sister, no, if they were young, my Father
Said, we must call them Brothers.

Dor.

Dor. But pray how does it come, that we two are
Not Brothers then, and have not Beards like him?

Mir. Now I confess you pose me.

Dor. How did he come to be our Father too?

Mir. I think he found us when we both were little,
And grew within the Ground.

Dor. Why could he not find more of us? Pray, Sister,
Let you and I look up and down one Day,
To find some little ones for us to play with.

Mir. Agreed; but now we must go in. This is
The Hour wherein my Father's Charm will work,
Which seizes all who are in open Air:

Th' effect of this great Art I long to see,
Which will perform as much as Magick can.

Dor. And I, methinks, more long to see a Man.



ACT II. SCENE I.

*The SCENE changes to the wilder part of the Island,
'tis compos'd of divers sorts of Trees, and barren Places,
with a Prospect of the Sea at a great distance.*

Enter Stephano, Mustacho, and Ventoso.

Vent. **T**HE Runlet of Brandy was a loving Runlet,
and floated after us out of pure pity.

Must. This kind Bottle, like an old Acquaintance, swam
after it. And this Scollop-shell is all our Plate now.

Vent. 'Tis well we have found something since we
landed.

I pr'ythee fill a Soop, and let it go round.

Where hast thou laid the Runlet?

Must. I th' hollow of an old Tree.

Vent. Fill apace, we cannot live long in this barren
Island, and we may take a Soop before Death, as well
as others drink at our Funerals.

Must. This is Prize-Brandy, we steal Custom, and it
costs nothing. Let's have two Rounds more.

Vent. Master, what have you sav'd?

Steph. Just nothing but my self.

Vent. This works comfortably on a cold Stomach.

Steph. Fill us another Round.

Vent. Look! *Mustacho* weeps. Hang Losses, as long as we have Brandy left. Pr'ythee leave weeping.

Steph. He sheds his Brandy out of his Eyes: He shall drink no more.

Must. This will be a doleful Day with old *Bess*. She gave me a gilt Nutmeg at parting. That's lost too. But as you say, hang Losses. Pr'ythee fill again.

Vent. Beshrew thy Heart for putting me in mind of thy Wife, I had not thought of mine else. Nature will shew it self, I must melt. I pr'ythee fill again, my Wife's a good old Jade, and has but one Eye left: But she'll weep out that too, when she hears that I am dead.

Steph. Would you were both hang'd for puttign me in thought of mine.

Vent. But come, Master, Sorrow is dry! there's for you again.

Steph. A Mariner had e'en as good be a Fish as a Man, but for the Comfort we get ashoar: O for an old dry Wench now I am wet.

Must. Poor Heart! that would soon make you dry again: But all is barren in this Isle: Here we may lie at Hull till the Wind blow Nore and by South, ere we can cry, a Sail, a Sail, at sight of a white Apron. And therefore here's another Soop to comfort us.

Vent. This Isle's our own, that's our comfort, for the Duke, the Prince, and all their Train, are perished.

Must. Our Ship is sunk, and we can never get home again: We must e'en turn Salvages, and the next that catches his Fellow may eat him.

Vent. No, no, let us have a Government; for if we live well and orderly, Heav'n will drive Shipwracks ashoar to make us all rich; therefore let us carry good Consciences, and not eat one another.

Steph. Whoever eats any of my Subjects, I'll break out his Teeth with my Scepter: For I was Master at Sea,
and

and will be Duke on Land: You *Mustacho* have been my Mate, and shall be my Vice-Roy.

Vent. When you are Duke, you may chuse your Vice-Roy; but I am a free Subject in a new Plantation, and will have no Duke without my Voice. And so fill me the other Soop.

Steph. whispering. Ventoso, Dost thou hear, I will advance thee, pr'ythee give me thy Voice.

Vent. I'll have no whisperings to corrupt the Election; and to show that I have no private Ends, I declare aloud that I will be Vice-Roy, or I'll keep my Voice for my self.

Must. Stephano, hear me, I will speak for the People, because there are few, or rather none in the Isle to speak for themselves. Know then, that to prevent the farther shedding of Christian Blood, we are all content *Ventoso* shall be Vice-Roy, upon Condition I may be Viceroy over him. Speak, good People, are you well agreed? what, no Man answer? well, you may take their Silence for Consent.

Vent. You speak for the People, *Mustacho*? I'll speak for 'em, and declare generally with one Voice, one and all; that there shall be no Vice-Roy but the Duke, unless I be he.

Must. You declare for the People, who never saw your Face! Cold Iron shall decide it [Both draw.

Steph. Hold, loving Subjects: We will have no Civil War during our Reign: I do hereby appoint you both to be my Vice-Roys over the whole Island.

Both. Agreed! agreed!

Enter Trincalo, with a great Bottle, half drunk.

Vent. How! *Trincalo* our brave Bosen!

Must. He reels: Can he be drunk with Sea-water?

Trin. Sings. I shall no more to Sea, to Sea,

Here I shall die Ashoar.

This is a very scurvy Tune to sing at a Man's Funeral, but here's my Comfort.

Sings. The Master, the Swabber, the Gurner, and I,
The Surgeon and his Mate,

*Low'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate.
For she had a Tongue with a Tang,
Wou'd cry to a Sailor, Go hang:
She lov'd not the Savour of Tar nor of Pitch,
Yet a Tailor might scratch her where-e'er she did itch.*

This is a scurvy Tune too, but here's my Comfort again. [Drinks.

Steph. We have got another Subject now; welcome, welcome into our Dominions!

Trinc. What Subject, or what Dominions? here's old Sack, Boys; The King of Good-fellows can be no Subject. I will be old *Simon* the King.

Must. Hah, old Boy! how didst thou scape?

Trinc. Upon a Butt of Sack, Boys, which the Sailors threw over-board: But are you alive, ho! for I will tipple with no Ghosts till I'm dead: Thy Hand, *Mustacho*, and thine, *Ventofo*; the Storm has done its worst: *Stephano* alive too! give thy Bosen thy Hand, Master.

Vent. You must kiss it then, for I must tell you, we have chosen him Duke in a full Assembly.

Trinc. A Duke! where? what's he Duke of?

Must. Of this Island, Man. Oh *Trincalo*, we are all made, the Island's empty; all's our own, Boy; and we will speak to his Grace for thee, that thou may'st be as great as we are.

Trinc. You great? what the Devil are you?

Vent. We two are Vice-Roys over all the Island: and when we are weary of Governing, thou shalt succeed us.

Trinc. Do you hear, *Ventofo*, I will succeed you in both your Places before you enter into 'em.

Steph. *Trincalo*, sleep, and be sober; and make no more Upstarts in my Country.

Trinc. Why, what are you, Sir, what are you?

Steph. What I am, I am by free Election, and you, *Trincalo*, are not your self; but we pardon your first Fault, because it is the first Day of our Reign.

Trinc. Umph, were Matters carried so swimmingly against me, whilst I was swimming, and saving my self for the good of the People of this Island?

Must

Must. Art thou mad, *Trincalo*? wilt thou disturb a settled Government, where thou art a meer Stranger to the Laws of the Country?

Trinc. I'll have no Laws.

Vent. Then Civil-war begins. [*Vent. Must. draw.*]

Steph. Hold, hold, I'll have no Bloodshed, my Subjects are but few: Let him make a Rebellion by himself; and a Rebel I Duke *Stephano* declare him: Vice-Roys, come away.

Trinc. And Duke *Trincalo* declares, that he will make open War where-ever he meets thee or thy Vice-Roys.

[*Exeunt Steph. Must. and Vent.*]

Enter Caliban with Wood upon his Back.

Trinc. Hah! who have we here?

Calib. All the Infections that the Sun sucks up from Fogs, Fens, Flats, on *Prospero* fall, and make him by Inch-meal a Disease: His Spirits hear me, and yet I needs must curse, but they'll not pinch, fright me with Urchin shows, pitch me i'th' Mire, nor lead me in the Dark out of my Way, unless he bid 'em: But for every Trifle he sets them on me, sometimes like Baboons they now and chatter at me, and often bite me; like Hedge-hogs then they mount their Prickles at me, tumbling before me in my barefoot way. Sometimes I am all wound about with Adders, who with their cloven Tongues hiss me to Madness. Hah! yonder stands one of his Spirits sent to torment me.

Trinc. What have we here, a Man, or a Fish? This is some Monster of the Isle: Were I in *England*, as once I was, and had him painted; not a Holy-day Fool there but would give me Six-pence for the sight of him; well, if I could make him tame, he were a Present for an Emperor. Come hither, pretty Monster, I'll do thee no harm. Come hither!

Calib. Torment me not; I'll bring the Wood home faster.

Trinc. He talks none of the wisest, but I'll give him a dram o'th' Bottle, that will clear his Understanding. Come on your ways, Master Monster, open your Mouth. How now, you perverse Moon-calf! what, I think you

cannot tell who is your Friend ! open your Chops, I say.

[Pours Wine down his Throat.

Calib. This is a braye God, and bears Cœlestial Liquor ; I'll kneel to him.

Trinc. He is a very hopeful Monster. Monster, what say'st thou, art thou content to turn Civil and Sober, as I am ? for then thou shalt be my Subject.

Calib. I'll swear upon that Bottle to be true ; for the Liquor is not Earthly : 'Did'st thou not drop from Heav'n ?

Trinc. Only out of the Moon, I was the Man in her when time was. By this light, a very shallow Monster.

Calib. I'll shew thee every fertile Inch i'th' Isle, and kifs thy Foot : I pr'ythee be my God, and let me drink.

[Drinks again.

Trinc. Well drawn, Monster, in good Faith.

Calib. I'll shew thee the best Springs, I'll pluck thee Berries, I'll fish for thee, and get thee Wood enough : A Curse upon the Tyrant whom I serve, I'll bear him no more Sticks, but follow thee.

Trinc. The poor Monster is loving in his Drink.

Calib. I pr'ythee let me bring thee where Crabs grow, and I with my long Nails will dig thee Pig-nuts, shew thee a Jays-nest, and instruct thee how to snare the Marmazete ; I'll bring thee to cluster'd Filberds ; Wilt thou go with me ?

Trinc. This Monster comes of a good-natur'd Race ; is there no more of thy Kin in this Island ?

Calib. Divine, here is but one besides my self ; my lovely Sister, beautiful and bright as the Full Moon.

Trinc. Where is she ?

Calib. I left her clambring up a hollow Oak, and plucking thence the dropping Honey-combs. Say, my King, shall I call her to thee ?

Trinc. She shall swear upon the Bottle too. If she proves handsome she is mine : Here Monster, drink again for thy good News ; thou shalt speak a good Word for me.

[Gives him the Bottle.

Calib. Farewel, old Master, farewel, farewel.

Sings. No more Dams I'll make for Fish,

Nor fetch in firing at requiring,

Nor scrape Trencher, nor wash Dish.

Ban,

Ban, Ban, Cackaliban

Has a new Master, get a new Man.

Heigh-day! Freedom, Freedom!

Trinc. Here's two Subjects got already, the Monster, and his Sister: Well, Duke *Stephano*, I say, and say again, Wars will ensue, and so I drink. [*Drinks.*] From this worshipful Monster, and Mistress Monster, his Sister, I'll lay claim to this Island by Alliance: Monster, I say thy Sister shall be my Spouse: Come away, Brother Monster, I'll lead thee to my Butt, and drink her Health.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, Cypress Trees and Cave.

Enter Prospero alone.

Pros. 'Tis not yet fit to let my Daughters know,
I kept the Infant Duke of *Mantua*
So near them in this Isle,
Whose Father dying, bequeath'd him to my Care;
Till my False Brother (when he design'd t'usurp
My Dukedom from me) expos'd him to that Fate
He meant for me.

By calculation of his Birth I saw
Death threat'ning him, if till some time were past,
He should behold the Face of any Woman:
And now the Danger's nigh — *Hippolito!*

Enter Hippolito.

Hip. Sir, I attend your Pleasure.

Pros. How I have lov'd thee from thy Infancy,
Heav'n knows, and thou thy self canst bear me witness,
Therefore accuse not me for thy Restraint.

Hip. Since I knew life, you've kept me in a Rock,
And you this Day have hurry'd me from thence,
Only to change my Prison, not to free me.
I murmur not, but I may wonder at it.

Pros. O gentle Youth, Fate waits for thee abroad,
A black Star threatens thee, and Death unseen
Stands ready to devour thee.

Hip. You taught me
Not to fear him in any of his Shapes:

Let me meet Death rather than be a Prisoner.

Pros. 'Tis pity he should seize thy tender Youth.

Hip. Sir, I have often heard you say, no Creature Liv'd in this Isle, but those which Man was Lord of; Why then should I fear?

Pros. But here are Creatures which I nam'd not to thee, Who share Man's Sovereignty by Nature's Laws, And oft depose him from it.

Hip. What are those Creatures, Sir? [me.

Pros. Those dangerous Enemies of Men, call'd Wo-

Hip. Women! I never heard of them before.

What are Women like?

Pros. Imagine something between young Men and Angels:

Fatally Beauteous, and have killing Eyes,
Their Voices charm beyond the Nightingales,
They are all Enchantment, those who once behold 'em
Are made their Slaves for ever.

Hip. Then I will wink and fight with 'em.

Pros. 'Tis but in vain,

They'll haunt you in your very Sleep.

Hip. Then I'll revenge it on 'em when I wake.

Pros. You are without all possibility of revenge,
They are so beautiful that you can ne'er attempt,
Nor wish to hurt them.

Hip. Are they so beautiful?

Pros. Calm Sleep is not so soft, nor Winter Suns,
Nor Summer Shades so pleasant.

Hip. Can they be fairer than the Plumes of Swans?
Or more delightful than the Peacock's Feathers?
Or than the Gloss upon the Necks of Doves?
Or have more various Beauty than the Rainbow?
These I have seen, and without danger wondred at.

Pros. All these are far below 'em: Nature made
Nothing but Women dangerous and fair:
Therefore if you should chance to see 'em,
Avoid 'em streight, I charge you.

Hip. Well, since you say they are so dangerous,
I'll so far shun 'em as I may with safety
Of the unblemish'd Honour which you taught me.

But

But let 'em not provoke me, for I'm sure
I shall not then forbear them.

Prosp. Go in, and read the Book I gave you last.
To morrow I may bring you better News.

Hip. I shall obey you, Sir. [Exit Hip.]

Prosp. So so; I hope this Lesson has secur'd him,
For I have been constrain'd to change his Lodging
From yonder Rock, where first I bred him up,
And here have brought him home to my own Cell,
Because the Shipwrack happen'd near his Mansion.
I hope he will not stir beyond his Limits,
For hitherto he hath been all Obedience:
The Planets seem to smile on my Designs,
And yet there is one fullen Cloud behind,
I would it were dispers'd.

Enter Miranda and Dorinda.

How, my Daughters!

I thought I had instructed them enough:

Children! retire; why do you walk this way?

Mir. It is within our Bounds, Sir.

Prosp. But both take heed, that Path is very dangerous;
Remember what I told you.

Dor. Is the Man that way, Sir?

Prosp. All that you can imagine ill is there.
The curled Lion, and the rugged Bear,
Are not so dreadful as that Man.

Mir. Oh me, why stay we here then?

Dor. I'll keep far enough from his Den; I war-
rant him.

Mir. But you have told me, Sir, you are a Man;
And yet you are not dreadful.

Prosp. Ay Child! but I
Am a tame Man; old Men are tame by Nature,
But all the Danger lyes in a wild young Man.

Dor. Do they run wild about the Woods?

Prosp. No, they are wild within Doors, in Chambers,
And in Closets.

Dor. But, Father, I would stroke 'em, and make 'em
gentle, then sure they wou'd not hurt me.

Pros. You must not trust them, Child: No Woman can come near 'em, but she feels a Pain, full nine Months. Well, I must in; for new Affairs require my Presence: Be you, *Miranda*, your Sister's Guardian. [*Exit* *Pros.*]

Dor. Come, Sister, shall we walk the other way? The Man will catch us else: We have but two Legs, And he perhaps has four. [you]

Mir. Well, Sister, though he have; yet look about And we shall Spy him ere he comes too near us.

Dor. Come back, that way is towards his Den.

Mir. Let me alone; I'll venture first, for sure he can Devour but one of us at once.

Dor. How dare you venture?

Mir. We'll find him sitting like a Hare in's Form, And he shall not see us.

Dor. Ay, but you know my Father charg'd us both.

Mir. But who shall tell him on't? we'll keep each others Counsel.

Dor. I dare not for the World.

Mir. But how shall we hereafter shun him, if we do not know him first?

Dor. Nay, I confess I would fain see him too. I find it in my Nature, because my Father has forbidden me.

Mir. Ay, there's it, Sister; if he had said nothing, I had been quiet. Go softly, and if you see him first, be quick, and beckon me away.

Dor. Well, if he does catch me, I'll humble myself to him, and ask him Pardon, as I do my Father, when I have done a Fault.

Mir. And if I can but 'scape with Life, I had rather be in pain nine Months, as my Father threaten'd, then lose my longing. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE continues.

Enter Hippolito.

Hip. *Prospera* has often said, that Nature makes Nothing in vain: Why then are Women made? Are they to suck the Poison of the Earth,

As

As gaudy-colour'd Serpents are? I'll ask
That Question, when next I see him here.

Enter Miranda and Dorinda peeping.

Dor. O Sister, there it is, it walks about
Like one of us.

Mir. Ay, just so, and has Legs as we have too:

Hip. It strangely puzzles me: Yet 'tis most likely
Women are somewhat between Men and Spirits.

Dor. Hark! it talks, sure this is not it my Father meant;
For this is just like one of us: Methinks
I am not half so much afraid on't as
I was; see, now it turns this way.

Mir. Heav'n! what a goodly Thing it is!

Dor. I'll go nearer it.

Mir. O no, 'tis dangerous, Sister! I'll go to it.
I would not for the World that you should venture.
My Father charg'd me to secure you from it.

Dor. I warrant you this is a tame Man, dear Sister,
He'll not hurt me, I see it by his Looks.

Mir. Indeed he will! but go back, and he shall eat me
first: Fie, are you not asham'd to be so inquisitive?

Dor. You chide me for't, and wou'd give him your self.

Mir. Come back, or I will tell my Father.
Observe how he begins to stare already.
I'll meet the Danger first, and then call you:

Dor. Nay, Sister, you shall never vanquish me in Kind-
ness. I'll venture you no more than you will me.

Prosp. [*within.*] *Miranda*, Child, where are you!

Mir. Do you not hear my Father call? Go in.

Dor. 'Twas you he nam'd, not me; I will but say my
Prayers, and follow you immediately.

Mir. Well, Sister, you'll repent it. [*Exit Mir.*]

Dor. Though I die for't, I must have t'other Peep.

Hip. What Thing is that? sure 'tis some Infant of

[*Seeing here.*]

The Sun, dress'd in his Father's gayest Beams,
And comes to play with Birds: My Sight is dazl'd,
And yet I find I'm loth to shut my Eyes,
I must go nearer it——but stay a while;
May it not be that beauteous Murderer, Woman,

Which

Which I was charg'd to shun? Speak, what art thou,
Thou shining Vision!

Dor. Alas, I know not; but I'm told I am
A Woman; do not hurt me, pray, fair Thing.

Hip. I'd sooner tear my Eyes out, than consent
To do you any harm; though I was told
A Woman was my Enemy.

Dor. I never knew
What 'twas to be an Enemy, nor can I e'er
Prove so to that which looks like you: For though
I've been charg'd by him (whom yet I ne'er disobey'd)
To shun your Presence, yet I'd rather die
Than lose it; Therefore I hope you will not have the
Heart

To hurt me: Though I fear you are a Man,
The dangerous Thing of which I have been warn'd.
Pray tell me what you are?

Hip. I must confess, I was inform'd I am a Man.
But if I fright you, I shall wish I were some other Crea-
ture.

I was bid to fear you too.

Dor. Ay me! Heav'n grant we be not Poison to
Each other! Alas, can we not meet, but we must die?

Hip. I hope not so! for when two poisonous Creatures,
Both of the same Kind, meet, yet neither dies.
I've seen two Serpents harmless to each other,
Though they have twin'd into a mutual Knot:
If we have any Venom in us, sure, we cannot be
More poisonous, when we meet, than Serpents are.
You have a Hand like mine, may I not gently touch it?

[*Takes her Hand.*]

Dor. I've touch'd my Father's and my Sister's Hands,
And felt no Pain; but now, alas! there's something,
When I touch yours, which makes me sigh: Just so
I've seen two Turtles mourning when they met;
Yet mine's a pleasing Grief; and so methought
Was theirs: For still they mourn'd, and still they seem'd
To murmur too, and yet they often met.

Hip. Oh Heav'ns! I have the same Sense too: Your
Hand

Methinks.

Methinks goes through me ; I feel it at my Heart,
And find it pleases, though it pains me.

Pros. [*within.*] *Dorinda!*

Dor. My Father calls again ; ah, I must leave you.

Hip. Alas, I'm subject to the same Command.

Dor. This is my first Offence against my Father,
Which he, by severing us, too cruelly does punish.

Hip. And this is my first Trespass too : But he
Hath more offended Truth than we have him :

He said our Meeting would destructive be,
But I no Death but in our Parting see.

[*Exeunt several ways.*]

SCENE III. *A wild Island.*

Enter Alonzo, Antonio, and Gonzalo.

Gonz. 'Beseech your Grace be merry : You have Cause,
So have we all, of Joy, for our strange 'Scape ;
Then wisely, good Sir, weigh our Sorrow with
Our Comfort.

Alonz. Pr'ythee Peace, you cram these Words
Into my Ears, against my Stomach ; how
Can I rejoice, when my dear Son, perhaps
This very moment, is made a Meal to some strange Fish ?

Anto. Sir, he may live ;
I saw him beat the Billows under him,
And ride upon their Backs ; I do not doubt
He came alive to Land.

Alonz. No, no, he's gone ;
And you and I, *Antonio*, were those
Who caus'd his Death.

Anto. How could we help it ?

Alon. Then, then we should have help'd it,
When thou betray'd'st thy Brother *Prospero*,
And *Mantua's* Infant Sovereign, to my Power ;
And when I, too ambitious, took by Force
Another's Right : Then lost we *Ferdinand* ;
Then forfeited our Navy to this Tempest.

Anto. Indeed we first broke Truce with Heav'n :
You to the Waves an Infant Prince expos'd,

And

And on the Waves have lost an only Son.
I did usurp my Brother's fertile Lands,
And now am cast upon this Desert-Isle.

Gonz. These, Sirs, 'tis true, were Crimes of a black
Die;

But both of you have made amends to Heav'n
By your late Voyage into *Portugal*;
Where, in defence of Christianity,
Your Valour has repuls'd the Moors of *Spain*.

Alon. O name it not, *Gonzalo*;
No Act but Penitence can expiate Guilt!
Must we teach Heav'n what Price to set on Murder!
What Rate on lawless Power and wild Ambition!
Or dare we traffick with the Powers above,
And sell by weight a good Deed for a bad?

[*A Flourish of Musick.*

Gonz. Musick! and in the Air! sure we are Shipwrack'd
On the Dominions of some merry Devil!

Anto. This Isle's enchanted Ground; for I have heard
Swift Voices flying by my Ear, and Groans
Of lamenting Ghosts.

Alon. I pull'd a Tree, and Blood pursu'd my Hand.
Heav'n deliver me from this dire Place,
And all the After-actions of my Life
Shall mark my Penitence and my Bounty.

[*Musick again louder.*

Hark, the Sounds approach us!

[*The Stage opens in several Places.*

Anto. Lo the Earth opens to devour us quick.
These dreadful Horrors, and the guilty Sense
Of my foul Treason, have unmann'd me quite.

Alon. We on the brink of swift Destruction stand;
No means of our Escape is left.

[*Another Flourish of Voices under the Stage.*

Anto. Ah! what amazing Sounds are these we hear!

Gonz. What horrid Masque will the dire Fiends present?

Sung under the Stage:

1. Dev. Where does the black Fiend Ambition reside,
With the mischievous Devil of Pride?

2. Dev.

2 Dev. *In the lowest and darkeſt Caverns of Hell*
Both Pride and Ambition do dwell.

1 Dev. *Who are the chief Leaders of the damned Hoſt?*

3 Dev. *Proud Monarchs, who tyrannize moſt.*

1 Dev. *Damned Princes there*

The worſt of Torments bear;

3 Dev. *Who on Earth all others in Pleaſures excel,*

Must feel the worſt Torments of Hell.

[They riſe ſinging this Chorus]

Anto. O Heav'n's! what horrid Viſion's this?
 How they upbraid us with our Crimes!

Alon. What fearful Vengeance is in ſtore for us!

1 Dev. *Tyrants, by whom their Subjects bleed,*
Should in Pains all others exceed;

2 Dev. *And barb'rous Monarchs who their Neighbours*
And their Crowns unjuſtly get; *[invade,*
And ſuch who their Brothers to Death have betray'd,
In Hell upon burning Thrones ſhall be ſet.

3 Dev. } *— In Hell, in Hell with Flames they ſhall reign,*
 Chor. } *And for ever, for ever ſhall ſuffer the Pain.*

Anto. O my Soul; for ever, for ever ſhall ſuffer the
 Pain.

Alon. Has Heav'n in all its infinite ſtock of Mercy
 No overflowings for us? Poor, miſerable, guilty Men!

Gonz. Nothing but Horrors do encompaſs us!
 For ever, for ever muſt we ſuffer!

Alon. For ever we ſhall periſh! O diſmal Words, for
 ever!

1 Dev. *Who are the Pillars of the Tyrant's Court?*

2 Dev. *Rapine and Murder his Crown muſt ſupport!*

3 Dev. — His Cruelty does tread

!! On Orphans tender Breasts, and Brothers dead!

2 Dev. *Can Heav'n permit ſuch Crimes ſhould be*
Attended with Felicity?

1 Dev. *No; Tyrants their Scepters uneaſily bear,*
In the miſt of their Guards they their Conſciences
fear.

2 Dev.

2 Dev. } *Care their Minds when they wake unquiet will*
 keep,
 Chor. } *And we with dire Visions disturb all their Sleep.*

Anto. O horrid Sight! how they stare upon us!
 The Fiends will hurry us to the dark Mansion.
 Sweet Heav'n, have mercy on us!

1 Dev. *Say, say, shall we bear these bold Mortals from hence?*

2 Dev. *No, no, let us show their degrees of Offence.*

3 Dev. *Let's muster their Crimes up on every side,
 And first let's discover their Pride.*

Enter Pride.

Pride. Lo here is Pride, who first led them astray,
 And did to Ambition their Minds then betray.

Enter Fraud.

Fraud. And Fraud does next appear,
 Their wandring Steps who led.
 When they from Virtue fled,
 They in my crooked Paths their Course did steer.

Enter Rapine.

Rapine. From Fraud to Force they soon arrive,
 Where Rapine did their Actions drive.

Enter Murder.

Murder. There long they could not stay;
 Down the steep Hill they run.
 And to perfect the Mischief which they had begun,
 To Murder they bent all their way.

Chorus *Around, around we pace,*
of all. *About this cursed Place;*
 While thus we compass in
 These Mortals and their Sin. [Devils vanish.

Anto. Heav'n has heard me, they are vanish'd!

Alon. But they have left me all unmann'd;
 I feel my Sinews slacken with the Fright;
 And a cold Sweat trills down o'er all my Limbs,
 As if I were dissolving into Water.
 Oh *Prospero*, my Crimes 'gainst thee sit heavy on my Heart

Anto.

Anto. And mine 'gainst him and young *Hippolito*.

Gonz. Heav'n have Mercy on the Penitent.

Anto. Lead from this curled Ground;

The Seas in all their Rage are not so dreadful.

This is the Region of Despair and Death.

Alon. Beware all Fruit, but what the Birds have peck'd.

The Shadows of the Trees are poisonous too:

A secret Venom slides from every Branch!

My Conscience does distract me! O my Son!

Why do I speak of eating or repose,

Before I know thy Fortune?

[As they are going out, a Devil rises just before them, at which they start, and are frighted.]

Alon. O Heav'ns! yet more Apparitions!

Devil Sings.

Arise, arise! ye subterranean Winds,

More to disturb their guilty Minds:

And all ye filthy Damps and Vapours rise,

Which use to infect the Earth, and trouble all the Skies;

Rise you, from whom devouring Plagues have birth:

You that in th' vast and hollow Womb of Earth,

Engender Earthquakes, make whole Countries shake,

And stately Cities into Deserts turn;

And you who feed the Flames by which Earth's Entrails burn.

Ye raging Winds, whose rapid Force can make

All but the fix'd and solid Centre shake,

Come drive these Wretches to that part o' th' Isle,

Where Nature never yet did smile:

Cause Fogs and Storms, Whirlwinds and Earthquakes there:

There let 'em howl and languish in Despair.

Rise and obey the pow'rful Prince o' th' Air.

[Two Winds rise, ten more enter and dance.]

At the end of the Dance, three Winds sink,

the rest drive *Alon.* *Anto.* *Gonz.* off.





ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A wild Island.*

Enter Ferdinand, and Ariel and Milcha invisible.

Ariel. **C**ome unto these yellow Sands,
 And then take Hands,
 Curtsy'd when you have, and kiss'd;
 The wild Waves whist.
 Foot it featly here and there,
 And sweet Sprights the Burthen bear.
 Hark! hark!
 Bow waugh, the Watch-dogs bark.
 Bow waugh. Hark! hark! I hear
 The strain of strutting Chanticleer,
 Cry, Cock a doodle do.

Ferd. Where should this Musick be? i'th' Air, or Earth?
 It sounds no more, and sure it waits upon
 Some God i'th' Island: sitting on a Bank,
 Weeping against the Duke, my Father's Wrack,
 This Musick hover'd on the Waters,
 Allaying both their Fury, and my Passion
 With charming Airs. Thence I have follow'd it,
 (Or it has drawn me rather) but 'tis gone:
 No, it begins again.

Milcha Sings.

Full Fathom five thy Father lies,
 Of his Bones is Coral made:
 Those are Pearls that were his Eyes;
 Nothing of him that does fade,
 But does suffer a Sea-change
 Into something rich and strange:

Sea.

*Sea-Nymphs hourly ring his Knell ;
Hark ! now I hear 'em, ding dong Bell.*

Ferd. This mournful Ditty mentions my drown'd Father.

This is no mortal Business, nor a Sound
Which the Earth owns — I hear it now before me ;
However I will on, and follow it.

[Exit Ferd. following Ariel.]

SCENE II. *The Cypress Trees and Cave.*

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Pros. Excuse it not, *Miranda*, for to you
(The Elder, and I thought the more discreet)
I gave the Conduct of your Sister's Actions.

Mir. Sir, when you call'd me thence, I did not fail
To mind her of her Duty to depart.

Pros. How can I think you did remember hers,
When you forgot your own ? did you not see
The Man, whom I commanded you to shun ?

Mir. I must confess I saw him at a Distance.

Pros. Did not his Eyes infect and poison you ?
What Alteration found you in your self ?

Mir. I only wondred at a Sight so new.

Pros. But have you no Desire once more to see him ?
Come, tell me truly what you think of him.

Mir. As of the gayest Thing I ever saw,
So fine, that it appear'd more fit to be
Belov'd than fear'd, and seem'd so near my Kind,
That I did think I might have call'd it Sister.

Pros. You do not love it ?

Mir. How is it likely that I should,
Except the Thing had first lov'd me ?

Pros. Cherish those Thoughts : You have a gen'rous
And since I see your Mind not apt to take [Soul :
The light Impressions of a sudden Love,
I will unfold a Secret to your Knowledge.
That Creature which you saw, is of a Kind
Which Nature made a Prop and Guide to yours.

Mir.

Mir. Why did you then propose him as an Object
Of Terror to my Mind? you never us'd
To teach me any thing but God-like Truths,
And what you said, I did believe as sacred.

Prosp. I fear'd the pleasing Form of this young Man
Might unawares possess your tender Breast,
Which for a nobler Guest I had design'd;
For shortly, my *Miranda*, you shall see
Another of this Kind, the full-blown Flower,
Of which this Youth was but the Op'ning Bud.
Go in, and send your Sister to me;

Mir. Heav'n still preserve you, Sir. [Exit *Mir.*

Prosp. And make thee Fortunate.

Enter Dorinda.

Oh, come hither, you have seen a Man to Day,
Against my strict Command.

Dor. Who, I? indeed I saw him but a little, Sir.

Prosp. Come, come, be clear. Your Sister told me all.

Dor. Did she?

Truly she would have seen him more than I,
But that I would not let her.

Prosp. Why so?

Dor. Because, methought, he would have hurt me less
Than he would her.

But if I knew you'd not be angry with me,
I could tell you, Sir, that he was much to blame.

Prosp. Hah! was he to blame?

Tell me, with that Sincerity I taught you,
How you became so bold to see the Man?

Dor. I hope you will forgive me, Sir, because
I did not see him much till he saw me.

Sir, he would needs come in my way, and star'd,
And star'd upon my Face; and so I thought

I would be reveng'd of him, and therefore
I gaz'd on him as long; but if I e'er

Come near a Man again ———

Prosp. I told you he
Was dangerous; but you would not be warn'd.

Dor. Pray be not angry, Sir, if I tell you,
You are mistaken in him; for he did

Me

Me no great Hurt.

Pros. But he may do you more Harm hereafter.

Dor. No, Sir, I'm as well as e'er I was in all my Life,
But that I cannot eat nor drink for thought of him.
That dangerous Man runs ever in my Mind.

Pros. The way to cure you, is no more to see him.

Dor. Nay, pray, Sir, say not so. I promis'd him
To see him once again; and you know, Sir,
You charg'd me I should never break my Promise.

Pros. Wou'd you see him, who did you so much
Mischief?

Dor. I warrant you
I did him as much Harm as he did me;
For when I left him, Sir, he sigh'd so, as it griev'd
My Heart to hear him.

Pros. Those Sighs were poisonous, they infected you:
You say, they griev'd you to the Heart. [gentle.

Dor. 'Tis true; but yet his Looks and Words were

Pros. These are the Day-dreams of a Maid in love.
But still I fear the worst.

Dor. O fear not him, Sir.

Pros. You speak of him with too much Passion; tell
(And on your Duty tell me true, *Dorinda*) [me
What pass'd betwixt you and that horrid Creature?

Dor. How, horrid, Sir? if any else but you
Should call it so, indeed I should be angry.

Pros. Go to! you are a foolish Girl; but answer
To what I ask; what thought you when you saw it?

Dor. At first it star'd upon me, and seem'd wild,
And then I trembled, yet it look'd so lovely,
That when I would have fled away, my Feet
Seem'd fasten'd to the Ground, when it drew near,
And with Amazement ask'd to touch my Hand;
Which, as a Ransom for my Life, I gave:
But when he had it, with a furious Gripe
He put it to his Mouth so eagerly,
I was afraid he would have swallow'd it.

Pros. Well, what was his Behaviour afterwards?

Dor. He on a sudden grew so tame and gentle,
That he became more kind to me than you are;

Then

Then, Sir, I grew I know not how, and touching
His Hand again, my Heart did beat so strong,
As I lack'd Breath to answer what he ask'd.

Pros. You've been too fond, and I should chide you for't.

Dor. Then send me to that Creature to be punish'd.

Pros. Poor Child! thy Passion, like a lazy Ague,
Has seiz'd thy Blood, instead of striving, thou humour'st
And feed'st thy languishing Disease: Thou fight'st
The Battels of thy Enemy, and 'tis one part of what
I threaten'd thee, not to perceive thy Danger.

Dor. Danger, Sir?

If he would hurt me, yet he knows not how:
He hath no Claws, nor Teeth, nor Horns to hurt me,
But looks about him like a Callow-bird
Just stragg'd from the Nest: Pray trust me, Sir,
To go to him again.

Pros. Since you will venture,
I charge you bear your self reserv'dly to him.
Let him not dare to touch your naked Hand,
But keep at distance from him.

Dor. This is hard!

Pros. It is the way to make him love you more;
He will despise you if you grow too kind.

Dor. I'll struggle with my Heart to follow this,
But if I lose him by it, will you promise
To bring him back again?

Pros. Fear not, *Dorinda*;
But use him ill, and he'll be yours for ever.

Dor. I hope you have not cozen'd me again.

[Exit *Dor.*

Pros. Now my Designs are gathering to a Head.
My Spirits are obedient to my Charms.
What *Ariel*! my Servant *Ariel*, where art thou?

Enter Ariel.

Ariel. What wou'd my potent Master? Here I am.

Pros. Thou and thy meaner Fellows your last Service
Did worthily perform, and I must use you
In such another Work: How goes the Day?

Ariel. On the fourth, my Lord; and on the sixth,
You said our Work should cease.

Pros.

Pros. And so it shall ;
And thou shalt have the open Air at Freedom.

Ariel. Thanks, my great Lord.

Pros. But tell me first, my Spirit,
How fares the Duke, my Brother, and their Followers?

Ariel. Confin'd together, as you gave me order,
In the Lime-Grove, which weather-fends your Cell,
Within that Circuit up and down they wander,
But cannot stir one Step beyond their Compass.

Pros. How do they bear their Sorrows?

Ariel. The two Dukes appear like Men distracted, their
Attendants brim-full of Sorrow mourning over 'em ;
But chiefly, he you term'd the good *Gonzalo* :
His Tears run down his Beard, like Winter-drops
From Eaves of Reeds ; your Vision did so work 'em,
That if you now beheld 'em, your Affections
Would become tender.

Pros. Do'st thou think so, Spirit?

Ariel. Mine would, Sir, were I human.

Pros. And mine shall :

Haſt thou, who art but Air, a Touch, a Feeling
Of their Afflictions, and ſhall not I (a Man
Like them, one who as ſharply reliſh Paſſions
As they) be kindlier mov'd than thou art ?
Tho' they have pierc'd me to the quick with Injuries,
Yet with my nobler Reaſon 'gainſt my Fury
I will take part ; the rarer Action is
In Virtue than in Vengeance. Go, my *Ariel*,
Refresh with needful Food their famiſh'd Bodies,
With Shows and chearful Muſick comfort 'em.

Ariel. Preſently, Maſter.

Pros. With a twinkle, *Ariel*. But ſtay, my Spirit ;
What is become of my Slave, *Caliban*,
And *Sycorax*, his Siſter ?

Ariel. Potent Sir !

They have caſt off your Service, and revolted
To the wrack'd Mariners, who have already
Parcell'd your Iſland into Governments.

Pros. No matter, I have now no need of 'em.
But, Spirit, now I ſtay thee on the Wing ;

Haſte

Haste to perform what I have given in Charge :
But see they keep within the Bounds I set 'em.

Ariel. I'll keep 'em in with Walls of Adamant,
Invisible as Air to mortal Eyes,
But yet unpassable.

Pros. Make haste then. [Exeunt severally.

SCENE III. *Wild Island.*

Enter Alonzo, Antonio, and Gonzalo.

Gonz. I am weary, and can go no further, Sir.

Alon. Old Lord, I cannot blame thee, who am my self
Seiz'd with a Weariness, to th' dulling of my Spirits :

[*They sit.*

Even here I will put off my Hope, and keep it
No longer for my Flatterers : He is drown'd
Whom thus we stray to find, I'm faint with Hunger,
And must despair of Food. [Musick without.

What! Harmony again? My good Friends, hark!

Anto. I fear some other horrid Apparition.

Give us kind Keepers, Heav'n, I beseech thee!

Gonz. 'Tis cheerful Musick this, unlike the first.

Ariel and Milcha invisible, sing.

*Dry those Eyes which are o'erflowing,
All your Storms are overblowing :
While you in this Isle are biding,
You shall feast without providing :
Every Dainty you can think of,
E'ry Wine which you would drink of,
Shall be yours ; all Want shall shun you,
Ceres' Blessing so is on you.*

Alon. This Voice speaks Comfort to us.

Anto. Wou'd 'twere come ;
There is no Musick in a Song to me,
My Stomach being empty.

Gonz. O for a heav'nly Vision of Boil'd,
Bak'd, and Roasted!

[Dance.

[Dance of fantastick Spirits ; after the Dance a Table furnish'd with Meat and Fruit is brought in by two Spirits.]

Anto. My Lord, the Duke, see yonder !

A Table, as I live, set out and furnish'd
With all Varieties of Meats and Fruits.

Alon. 'Tis so indeed ; but who dares taste this Feast,
Which Fiends provide, to poison us ?

Gonz. Why that dare I ; if the black Gentleman
Be so ill-natur'd, he may do his Pleasure.

Anto. 'Tis certain we must either eat or famish :
I will encounter it, and feed.

Alon. If both resolve, I will adventure too.

Gonz. The Devil may fright me, yet he shall not starve
me. [Two Spirits descend, and fly away with the Table.]

Alon. Heav'n ! behold, it is as you suspected :
'Tis vanish'd.

Shall we be always haunted with these Fiends ?

Anto. Here we shall wander till we famish.

Gonz. Certainly one of you was so wicked as to say
Grace : This comes on't, when Men will be godly out
of Season.

Anto. Yonder's another Table, let's try that—[Exeunt.]

Enter Trincalo and Caliban.

Trinc. Brother Monster, welcome to my private Palace.
But where's thy Sister, is she so brave a Lass ?

Calib. In all this Isle there are but two more, the
Daughters of the Tyrant *Prospero* ; and she is bigger
than 'em both. O, here she comes ! now thou may'st
judge thy self, my Lord.

Enter Sycorax.

Trinc. She's monstrous fair indeed. Is this to be my
Spouse ? Well, she's Heir of all this Isle, (for I will geld
Monster.) The *Trincalo's*, like other wise Men, have an-
ciently us'd to marry for Estate more than for Beauty.

Syc. I pr'ythee let me have the gay thing about thy
Neck, and that which dangles at thy Wrist.

[Sycorax points to his Boson's Whistle and his Bottle.]

Trinc. My dear Blubber-lips ; this, observe my Chuck,
is a Badge of my Sea-Office ; my fair Fufs, thou dost not
know it.

Sy.: No, my dread Lord.

Trinc. It shall be a Whistle for our first Babe, and when the next Shipwrack puts me again to swimming, I'll dive to get a Coral to it.

Syc. I'll be thy pretty Child, and wear it first.

Trinc. I pr'ythee, sweet Baby, do not play the Wanton, and cry for my Goods ere I'm dead. When thou art my Widow, thou shalt have the Devil and all.

Syc. May I not have the other fine thing?

Trinc. This is a Sucking-bottle for young *Trincalo*.

Calib. Shall she not taste of that immortal Liquor?

Trinc. Umph! that's another Question: For if she be thus slippant in her Water, what will she be in her Wine?

Enter Ariel (invisible) and changes the Bottle which stands upon the Ground.

Ariel. There's Water for your Wine. [*Exit Ariel.*]

Trinc. Well! since it must be so. [*Gives her the Bottle.*]
How do you like it now, my Queen that must be?

[*She drinks.*]

Syc. Is this your heav'nly Liquor? I'll bring you to a River of the same.

Trinc. Wilt thou so, Madam Monster? What a mighty Prince shall I be then? I would not change my Dukedom to be great Turk *Trincalo*.

Syc. This is the Drink of Frogs.

Trinc. Nay, if the Frogs of this Island drink such, they are the merriest Frogs in Christendom.

Calib. She does not know the Virtue of this Liquor: I pr'ythee let me drink for her. [*Caliban drinks.*]

Trinc. Well said, Subject Monster!

Calib. My Lord, this is meer Water.

Trinc. 'Tis thou hast chang'd the Wine then, and drunk it up, like a debauch'd Fish as thou art. Let me see't. I'll taste it my self. Element! meer Element! as I live. It was a cold Gulp, such as this, which kill'd my famous Predecessor, old *Simon* the King.

Calib. How does thy Honour? pr'ythee be not angry, and I will lick thy Shoe.

Trinc. I could find in my Heart to turn thee out of my Dominions for a liquorish Monster.

Calib.

Calib. O, my Lord, I have found it out; this must be done by one of *Prospero's* Spirits.

Trinc. There's nothing but Malice in these Devils, I would it had been Holy-water for their sakes.

Syc. 'Tis no matter, I will cleave to thee.

Trinc. Lovingly said, in troth: Now cannot I hold out against her. This Wife-like Virtue of hers has overcome me.

Syc. Shall I have thee in my Arms?

Trinc. Thou shalt have Duke *Trincalo* in thy Arms: But pr'ythee be not too boisterous with me at first; do not discourage a young Beginner. [*They embrace.*] Stand to your Arms, my Spouse, and Subject Monster;

Enter Stephano, Mustacho, and Ventoso.

The Enemy is come to surprize us in our Quarters. You shall know, Rebels, that I am marry'd to a Witch, and we have a thousand Spirits of our Party.

Steph. Hold! I ask a Truce; I and my Vice-Roys (finding no Food, and but a small Remainder of Brandy) are come to treat a Peace betwixt us, which may be for the good of both Armies, therefore *Trincalo* disband.

Trinc. Plain *Trincalo*! methinks I might have been a Duke in your Mouth; I'll not accept of your Embassy without my Title.

Steph. A Title shall break no Squares betwixt us: Vice-Roys give him his Style of Duke, and treat with him, whilst I walk by in State.

[*Ventoso and Mustacho bow, whilst Trincalo puts on his Cap.*]

Must. Our Lord and Master, Duke *Stephano*, has sent us in the first place to demand of you, upon what Ground you make War against him, having no Right to govern here, as being elected only by your own Voice.

Trinc. To this I answer, That having in the Face of the World espous'd the lawful Inheritrix of this Island, Queen *Blouze* the First, and having Homage done me, by this hectoring Spark her Brother, from these two I claim a lawful Title to this Island.

Must. Who, that Monster? He a Hector?

Calib. Lo! how he mocks me, wilt thou let him, my Lord?

Trinc. Vice-Roys! keep good Tongues in your Heads, I advise you, and proceed to your Buſineſs.

Must. Firſt and foremoſt, as to your Claim that you have answer'd.

Vent. But ſecond and foremoſt, we demand of you, that if we make a Peace, the Butt alſo may be comprehended in the Treaty.

Trinc. I cannot treat with my Honour, without your Submiſſion.

Steph. I underſtand, being preſent, from my Ambaſſadors, what your Reſolution is, and aſk an Hour's time of Deliberation, and ſo I take our Leave; but firſt I deſire to be entertain'd at your Butt, as becomes a Prince, and his Ambaſſadors.

Trinc. That I reſuſe, till Acts of Hoſtility be ceas'd. Theſe Rogues are rather Spies than Ambaſſadors. I muſt take heed of my Butt. They come to pry into the Secrets of my Dukedom.

Vent. Trincalo, you are a barbarous Prince, and ſo farewel.

[*Exeunt Steph. Muſt. and Vent.*]

Trinc. Subject Monster! ſtand you Centry before my Cellar; my Queen and I will enter, and feaſt our ſelves within.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Ferdinand, and Ariel and Milcha inviſible.

Ferd. How far will this inviſible Muſician Conduſt my Steps? he hovers ſtill about me, Whether for good or ill, I cannot tell, Nor care I much; for I have been ſo long A Slave to Chance, that I'm as weary of Her Flatteries, as her Frowns, but here I am——

Ariel. Here I am.

Ferd. Hah! art thou ſo? the Spirit's turn'd an Echo: This might ſeem pleaſant, could the Burthen of My Griefs accord with any thing but Sighs. And my laſt Words, like thoſe of dying Men, Need no Reply. Fain I would go to Shades, Where few would wiſh to follow me.

Ariel. Follow me.

Ferd.

Ferd. This evil Spirit grows importunate,
But I'll not take his Counsel.

Ariel. Take his Counsel.

Ferd. It may be the Devil's Counsel, I'll never take it.

Ariel. Take it.

Ferd. I will discourse no more with thee,
Nor follow one Step further.

Ariel. One Step further.

Ferd. This must have more Importance than an Echo.
Some Spirit tempts me to a Precipice.
I'll try if it will answer when I sing
My Sorrows to the Murmur of this Brook.

He Sings.

Go thy way.

Ariel.

Go thy way.

Ferd.

Why should'st thou stay?

Ariel.

Why should'st thou stay?

Ferd. *Where the Winds whistle, and where the Streams creep,
Under yon Willow-tree fain would I sleep.*

Then let me alone,

For 'tis time to be gone.

Ariel.

For 'tis time to be gone.

Ferd. *What Cares or Pleasures can be in this Isle?*

Within this desert Place,

There lives no human Race;

Fate cannot frown here, nor kind Fortune smile.

Ariel. *Kind Fortune smiles, and she*

Has yet in store for thee

Some strange Felicity.

Follow me, follow me,

And thou shalt see.

Ferd. I'll take thy Word for once;

Lead on, Musician.

[*Exeunt, and return.*]

SCENE IV. *The Cypress-Trees and Caves.*

Scene changes, and discovers Prospero and Miranda.

Prosp. Advance the fringed Curtains of thine Eyes,
And say what thou seest yonder.

L 3

Mir.

Mir. Is it a Spirit?

Lord! how it looks about! Sir, I confess
It carries a brave Form. But 'tis a Spirit.

Prosp. No, Girl, it eats, and sleeps, and has such Senses
As we have. This young Gallant, whom thou seest,
Was in the Wrack; were he not somewhat stain'd
With Grief, (Beauty's worst Canker) thou might'st call
A goodly Person; he has lost his Company, [him
And strays about to find 'em.

Mir. I might call him
A thing Divine, for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Prosp. It goes on,
As my Soul prompts it: Spirit, fine Spirit,
I'll free thee within two Days for this.

Ferd. She's sure the Mistress on whom these Airs attend.
Fair Excellence, if, as your Form declares,
You are Divine, be pleas'd t' instruct me how
You will be worshipped; so bright a Beauty
Cannot sure belong to human Kind.

Mir. I am, like you, a Mortal, if such you are.

Ferd. My Language too! O Heav'ns! I am the best
Of them, who speak this Speech when I'm in my
Own Country.

Prosp. How, the best? what wert thou, if
The Duke of Savoy heard thee?

Ferd. As I am now;
Who wonders to hear thee speak of Savoy;
He does hear me, and that he does, I weep.
My self am Savoy, whose fatal Eyes (e'er since at ebb) be-
held

The Duke my Father wrack'd.

Mir. Alack! for pity!

Prosp. At the first sight they have chang'd Eyes.
Dear Ariel, I'll set thee free for this —
Young Sir, a Word.

With hazard of your self you do me wrong.

Mir. Why speaks my Father so urgently? This is
The third Man that I ever saw, the first
Whom e'er I sigh'd for, sweet Heav'n move my Father

To be inclin'd my way.

Ferd. O! if a Virgin!

And your Affections not gone forth, I'll make you
Mistress of Savoy.

Prosp. Soft Sir! one Word more.

They're in each other's Powers; but this swift Bus'ness
I must uneasy make, lest too light Winning
Make the Prize light — one Word more. Thou usurp'st
The Name not due to thee, hast put thy self
Upon this Island as a Spy, to get
The Government from me the Lord of it.

Ferd. No, as I'm a Man.

Mir. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a Temple;
If th' evil Spirit hath so fair a House,
Good things will strive to dwell with it.

Prosp. No more. Speak not for him, he is a Traitor.
Come! thou art my Pris'ner, and shall be in Bonds.

Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy Food shall be
The fresh Brook-Muscles, wither'd Roots and Husks,
Wherein the Acorn cradled; — follow.

Ferd. No, I will resist such Entertainment,
'Till my Enemy has more Power.

[He draws, and is charm'd from moving.]

Mir. O dear Father! make not too rash a Tryal
Of him, for he is gentle, and not fearful.

Prosp. My Child my Tutor! put thy Sword up,
Traitor, who mak'st a Show, but dar'st not strike:
Thy Conscience is possess'd with Guilt.

Come from thy Ward,
For I can here disarm thee with this Wand,
And make thy Weapon drop.

Mir. Beseech you, Father.

Prosp. Hence: Hang not on my Garment.

Mir. Sir, have Pity!

I'll be his Surety.

Prosp. Silence! one Word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee: What!
An Advocate for an Impostor? sure
Thou think'st there are no more such Shapes as his.
To the most of Men this is a Caliban.
And they to him are Angels.

Mir. My Affections are then most humble,
I have no Ambition to see a goodlier Man,

Prosp. Come on, obey:
Thy Nerves are in their Infancy again,
And have no Vigour in them.

Ferd. So they are:
My Spirits, as in a Dream, are all bound up:
My Father's Loss, the Weakness which I feel,
The Wrack of all my Friends, and this Man's Threats,
To whom I am subdu'd, would seem light to me,
Might I but once a Day thorough my Prison
Behold this Maid: All Corners else o'th' Earth
Let Liberty make use of: I have Space
Enough in such a Prison.

Prosp. It works: Come on:
Thou hast done well, fine *Ariel*: Follow me.
Hark what thou shalt do more for me. [*Whispers Ariel.*

Mir. Be of Comfort!
My Father's of a better Nature, Sir,
Than he appears by Speech: This is unwonted
Which now came from him.

Prosp. Thou shalt be as free as Mountain Winds: But
Exactly do all Points of my Command. [then

Ariel. To a Syllable. [*Exit Ariel.*

Prosp. to *Mir.* Go in that way, speak not a Word for him;
I'll separate you. [*Exit Miranda.*

Ferd. As soon thou may'st divide the Waters, when
Thou strik'st 'em, which pursue thy bootless Blow,
And meet when it is past.

Prosp. Go practise your Philosophy within,
And if you are the same you speak your self,
Bear your Afflictions like a Prince — That Door
Shews you your Lodging.

Ferd. 'Tis in vain to strive, I must obey. [*Exit Ferd.*

Prosp. This goes as I would wish it.
Now for my second Care, *Hippolito*.
I shall not need to chide him for his Fault,
His Passion is become his Punishment.
Come forth, *Hippolito*.

Enter.

Enter Hippolito.

Hip. 'Tis *Prospero's* Voice.

Prosp. *Hippolito!* I know you now expect
I should severely chide you: You have seen
A Woman, in contempt of my Commands.

Hip. But, Sir, you see I am come off unharm'd;
I told you, that you need not doubt my Courage.

Prosp. You think you have receiv'd no Hurt?

Hip. No, none, Sir.

Try me again, whene'er you please I'm ready:]
I think I cannot fear an Army of 'em.

Prosp. How much in vain it is to bridle Nature! [*Aside.*
Well! what was the Success of your Encounter?

Hip. Sir, we had none, we yielded both at first,
For I took her to Mercy, and she me. [were?

Prosp. But are you not much chang'd from what you

Hip. Methinks I wish and wish! for what I know not.
But still I wish ——— yet if I had that Woman,
She, I believe, could tell me what I wish for. [yours?

Prosp. What would you do to make that Woman

Hip. I'd quit the rest o'the World, that I might live
Alone with her; she never should be from me.

We two would sit and look till our Eyes ak'd.

Prosp. You'd soon be weary of her.

Hip. O Sir, never.

Prosp. But you'll grow old and wrinkled, as you see
Me now, and then you will not care for her.

Hip. You may do what you please, but, Sir, we two
Can never possibly grow old.

Prosp. You must, *Hippolito.*

Hip. Whether we will or no, Sir? who shall make us?

Prosp. Nature, which made me so.

Hip. But you have told me that her Works are various;
She made you old, but she has made us young.

Prosp. Time will convince you.

Mean while be sure you tread in Honour's Paths,
That you may merit her; and that you may not
Want fit Occasions to employ your Virtue,
In this next Cave there is a Stranger lodg'd,
One of your Kind, young, of a noble Presence,

And, as he says himself, of Princely Birth :
He is my Pris'ner, and in deep Affliction :
Visit, and comfort him ; it will become you.

Hip. It is my Duty, Sir.

[*Exit Hip.*

Pros. True, he has seen a Woman, yet he lives ;
Perhaps I took the Moment of his Birth
Amiss ; Perhaps my Art it self is false.
On what strange Grounds we build our Hopes and
Man's Life is all a Mist, and in the Dark [Feats!
Our Fortunes meet us.
If Fate be not, then what can we foresee ?
Or how can we avoid it, if it be ?
If by Free-will in our own Paths we move,
How are we bounded by Decrees above ?
Whether we drive, or whether we are driv'n,
If ill, 'tis ours : if good, the act of Heav'n. [[*Exit Pros.*

SCENE, A Cave.

Enter Hippolito and Ferdinand.

Ferd. Your Pity, noble Youth, doth much oblige me.
Indeed 'twas sad to lose a Father so.

Hip. Ay, and an only Father too, for sure
You said you had but one,

Ferd. But one Father ! he's wondrous simple ! [*Aside.*

Hip. Are such Misfortunes frequent in your World,
Where many Men live ?

Ferd. Such are we born to.

But, gentle Youth, as you have question'd me,
So give me leave to ask you, what you are ?

Hip. Do not you know ?

Ferd. How should I ?

Hip. I well hop'd

I was a Man, but by your Ignorance
Of what I am, I fear it is not so :
Well, *Prospero* ! this is now the second Time
You have deceiv'd me.

Ferd. Sir, there is no doubt
You are a Man : But I would know of whence ?

Hip. Why, of this World, I never was in yours.

Ferd. Have you a Father ?

Hip.

Hip. I was told I had one,
And that he was a Man; yet I have been
So much deceiv'd, I dare not tell't you for
A Truth; but I have still been kept a Prisoner-
For fear of Women.

Ferd. They indeed are dangerous,
For since I came, I have beheld one here,
Whose Beauty pierc'd my Heart.

Hip. How did she pierce? you seem not hurt.

Ferd. Alas! the Wound was made by her bright Eyes,
And fetters by her Absence.

But, to speak plainer to you, Sir, I love her.

Hip. Now I suspect that Love's the very thing
That I feel too! Pray tell me truly, Sir,
Are you not grown unquiet since you saw her?

Ferd. I take no Rest.

Hip. Just, just my Disease.
Do you not wish you do not know for what?

Ferd. O no! I know too well for what I wish.

Hip. There, I confess, I differ from you, Sir:
But you desire she may be always with you?

Ferd. I can have no Felicity without her.

Hip. Just my Condition! alas, gentle Sir,
I'll pity you, and you shall pity me.

Ferd. I love so much, that if I have her not,
I find I cannot live.

Hip. How! do you love her?
And would you have her too? that must not be:
For none but I must have her?

Ferd. But perhaps we do not love the same:
All Beauties are not pleasing alike to all.

Hip. Why are there more fair Women, Sir,
Besides that one I love?

Ferd. That's a strange Question. There are many more
Besides that Beauty, which you love.

Hip. I will have all
Of that Kind, if there be a hundred of 'em.

Ferd. But, noble Youth, you know not what you say.

Hip. Sir, they are things I love, I cannot be
Without 'em: O, how I rejoice! more Women!

Ferd.

Ferd. Sir, if you love, you must be ty'd to one.

Hip. Ty'd! how ty'd to her?

Ferd. To love none but her.

Hip. But, Sir, I find it is against my Nature.
I must love where I like, and I believe I may like all,
All that are fair: Come! bring me to this Woman,
For I must have her.

Ferd. His Simplicity
Is such, that I can scarce be angry with him. [*Aside.*
Perhaps, sweet Youth, when you behold her, you
Will find you do not love her.

Hip. I find already
I love, because she is another Woman.

Ferd. You cannot love two Women both at once.

Hip. Sure 'tis my Duty to love all, who do
Resemble her whom I've already seen.
I'll have as many as I can, that are
So good, and Angel-like, as she I love.
And will have yours.

Ferd. Pretty Youth, you cannot.

Hip. I can do any thing for that I love.

Ferd. I may, perhaps, by force, restrain you from it.

Hip. Why, do so if you can. But either promise me
To love no Woman, or you must try your Force.

Ferd. I cannot help it, I must love.

Hip. Well, you may love,
For *Prospero* taught me Friendship too: You shall
Love me and other Men if you can find 'em,
But all the Angel-women shall be mine.

Ferd. I must break off this Conference, or he
Will urge me else beyond what I can bear. [*Aside.*
Sweet Youth! some other time we'll speak
Farther concerning both our Loves; at present
I'm indispos'd with Weariness and Grief.

And would, if you're so pleas'd, retire a while.

Hip. Some other time be it; but, Sir, remember
That I both seek and much intreat your Friendship,
For next to Women, I find I can love you.

Ferd. I thank you, Sir, I will consider of it.

[*Exit Ferd.*
Hip.

Hip. This Stranger does insult, and comes into
My World, to take these heav'nly Beauties from me,
Which I believe I am inspir'd to love :
And yet he said he did desire but one.
He would be poor in Love, but I'll be rich :
I now perceive that *Prospero* was cunning ;
For when he frighted me from Woman-kind,
Those precious things he for himself design'd. [Exit.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Cypress-Trees and Cave.*

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Prosp. **Y**our Suit has Pity in't, and has prevail'd.
Within this Cave he lies, and you may see him ;
But yet take heed ; let Prudence be your Guide ;
You must not stay, your Visit must be short. [*She's going.*
One thing I had forgot ; insinuate into his Mind
A Kindness to that Youth, whom first you saw ;
I would have Friendship grow betwixt 'em.

Mir. You shall be obey'd in all things.

Prosp. Be earnest to unite their very Souls.

Mir. I shall endeavour it.

Prosp. This may secure
Hippolito from that dark Danger which
My Art forebodes ; for Friendship does provide
A double Strength to oppose th' Assaults of Fortune.

[Exit *Prospero.*

Enter Ferdinand.

Ferd. To be a Pris'ner where I dearly love,
Is but a double Tie, a Link of Fortune
Join'd to the Chain of Love ; but not to see her,
And yet to be so near her, there's the Hardship :
I feel my self as on a Rack, stretch'd out,
And nigh the Ground, on which I might have Ease,
Yet

Yet cannot reach it.

Mir. Sir! my Lord! where are you?

Ferd. Is it your Voice, my Love? or do I dream?

Mir. Speak softly, it is I.

Ferd. O heav'nly Creature!

Ten times more gentle than your Father's cruel,

How on a sudden all my Griefs are vanish'd!

Mir. How do you bear your Prison?

Ferd. 'Tis my Palace,

While you are here, and Love and Silence wait

Upon our Wishes; do but think we chuse it,

And 'tis what we would chuse.

Mir. I'm sure 'tis what I would:

But how can I be certain that you love me?

Look to't; for I will die when you are false.

I've heard my Father tell of Maids, who dy'd,

And haunted their false Lovers with their Ghosts.

Ferd. Your Ghost must take another Form to fright me,

This Shape will be too pleasing. Do I love you?

O Heav'n! O Earth! bear witness to this Sound,

If I prove false ———

Mir. Oh hold, you shall not swear;

For Heav'n will hate you if you prove forsworn.

Ferd. Did I not love, I could no more endure

This undeserv'd Captivity, than I

Could wish to gain my Freedom with the Loss

Of you.

Mir. I am a Fool to weep at what

I'm glad of: But I have a Suit to you,

And that, Sir, shall

Be now the only Trial of your Love.

Ferd. You've said enough, never to be deny'd,

Were it my Life; for you have far o'erbid

The Price of all that human Life is worth.

Mir. Sir, 'tis to love one for my sake, who for

His own deserves all the Respect which you

Can ever pay him.

Ferd. You mean your Father: Do not think his Usage

Can make me hate him; when he gave you Being,

He then did that which cancell'd all these Wrongs.

Mir.

Mir. I meant not him, for that was a Request,
Which, if you love, I should not need to urge.

Ferd. Is there another whom I ought to love?
And love him for your sake?

Mir. Yes, such a one,
Who, for his Sweetness and his goodly Shape,
(If I, who am unskill'd in Forms, may judge)
I think can scarce be equall'd: 'Tis a Youth,
A Stranger too as you are.

Ferd. Of such a graceful Feature, and must I
For your sake love?

Mir. Yes, Sir, do you scruple
To grant the first Request I ever made?
He's wholly unacquainted with the World,
And wants your Conversation. You should have
Compassion on so meer a Stranger.

Ferd. Those need Compassion whom you discommend,
Not whom you praise.

Mir. Come, you must love him for my sake: You shall.

Ferd. Must I for yours, and cannot for my own?
Either you do not love, or think that I don't:
But when you bid me love him, I must hate him.

Mir. Have I so far offended you already,
That he offends you only for my sake?
Yet sure you would not hate him, if you saw
Him as I've done, so full of Youth and Beauty.

Ferd. O Poison to my Hopes! [*Aside.*]
When he did visit me, and I did mention
This beauteous Creature to him, he then did tell
Me, he would have her.

Mir. Alas, what mean you?

Ferd. It is too plain: Like most of her frail Sex,
She's false, but has not learn'd the Art to hide it;
Nature has done her Part, she loves Variety:
Why did I think that any Woman could
Be innocent, because she's young? No, no,
Their Nurses teach them Change, when with two
Nipples

They do divide their Liking. [*Aside.*]

Mir. I fear I have offended you, and yet

I meant no harm : But if you please to hear me——

[*A Noise within.*]

Hark, Sir ! now am I sure my Father comes,
I know his Steps ; dear Love, retire a while,
I fear I've staid too long.

Ferd. Too long indeed, and yet not long enough :
Oh Jealousie ! Oh Love ! how you distract me !

[*Exit Ferdinand.*]

Mir. He appears displeas'd with that young Man, I know
Not why ; But, 'till I find from whence his Hate proceeds,
I must conceal it from my Father's Knowledge,
For he will think that guiltless I have caus'd it ;
And suffer me no more to see my Love.

Enter Prospero.

Pros. Now I have been indulgent to your Wish,
You have seen the Prisoner.

Mir. Yes.

Pros. And he spake to you ?

Mir. He spoke ; but he receiv'd short Answers from

Pros. How like you his Converse ? [me.

Mir. At second sight

A Man does not appear so rare a Creature.

Pros. I find she loves him much, because she hides it.
Love teaches Cunning even to Innocence. [*Aside.*
Well, go on.

Mir. [*Aside.*] Forgive me, Truth, for thus disguising
If I can make him think I do not love [thee ;
The Stranger much, he'll let me see him oftner.

[*Exit Miranda.*]

Pros. Stay ! stay —— I had forgot to ask her
What she has said of young *Hippolito* :

Oh ! here he comes ! and with him my *Dorinda*.

I'll not be seen, let their Loves grow in secret.

[*Exit Prospero.*]

Enter Hippolito and Dorinda.

Hip. But why are you so sad ?

Dor. But why are you so joyful ?

Hip. I have within me

All, all the various Musick of the Woods.

Since last I saw you, I have heard brave News !

I will tell you, and make you joyful for me.

Dor. Sir, when I saw you first, I, through my Eyes,
Drew something in, I know not what it is;
But still it entertains me with such Thoughts,
As makes me doubtful whether Joy becomes me.

Hip. Pray believe me;

As I'm a Man, I'll tell you blessed News,
I've heard there are more Women in the World,
As fair as you are too.

Dor. Is this your News? You see it moves not me.

Hip. And I will have 'em all.

Dor. What will become of me then?

Hip. I'll have you too.

But are not you acquainted with these Women?

Dor. I never saw but one.

Hip. Is there but one here?

This is a base poor World, I'll go to th' other;
I've heard Men have abundance of 'em there.
But pray where's that one Woman?

Dor. Who, my Sister?

Hip. Is she your Sister? I'm glad o' that: You shall
Help me to her, and I will love you for it.

[Offers to take her Hand.]

Dor. Away! I will not have you touch my Hand. —
My Father's Counsel, which enjoin'd Reservedness,
Was not in vain, I see. *[Aside.]*

Hip. What makes you shun me?

Dor. You need not care, you'll have my Sister's Hand.

Hip. Why, must not he who touches hers, touch
yours?

Dor. You mean to love her too.

Hip. Do not you love her?

Then why should I not do so?

Dor. She's my Sister,
And therefore I must love her: But you cannot
Love both of us.

Hip. I warrant you I can:
Oh that you had more Sisters!

Dor. You may love her,
But then I'll not love you.

Hip.

Hip. O but you must ;
One is enough for you, but not for me.

Dor. My Sister told me she had seen another ;
A Man like you, and she lik'd only him ;
Therefore if one must be enough for her,
He is that one, and then you cannot have her.

Hip. If she like him, she may like both of us.

Dor. But how if I should change, and like that Man ?
Would you be willing to permit that Change ?

Hip. No, for you lik'd me first.

Dor. So you did me.

Hip. But I would never have you see that Man ;
I cannot bear it.

Dor. I'll see neither of you.

Hip. Yes, me you may, for we are now acquainted ;
But he's the Man of whom your Father warn'd you.
O ! he's a terrible, huge, monstrous Creature,
I'm but a Woman to him.

Dor. I will see him,
Except you'll promise not to see my Sister.

Hip. Yes, for your sake I needs must see your Sister.

Dor. But she's a terrible, huge Creature too ;
If I were not her Sister, she would eat me ;
Therefore take heed.

Hip. I heard that she was fair,
And like you.

Dor. No, indeed, she's like my Father,
With a great Beard, 'twould fright you to look on her,
Therefore that Man and she may go together,
They are fit for no body, but one another.

Hip. [*Looking in.*] Yonder he comes with glaring Eyes,
fly ! fly !
Before he sees you.

Dor. Must we part so soon ?

Hip. Y'are a lost Woman if you see him.

Dor. I would not willingly be lost, for fear
You should not find me. I'll avoid him. [*Exit Dor.*]

Hip. She fain would have deceiv'd me, but I know
Her Sister must be fair, for she's a Woman ;
All of a Kind that I have seen are like

To one another: All the Creatures of
The Rivers and the Woods are so.

Enter Ferdinand.

Ferd. O! well encounter'd, you are the happy Man!
You've got the Hearts of both the beauteous Women.

Hip. How! Sir? pray, are you sure on't?

Ferd. One of 'em charg'd me to love you for her sake.

Hip. Then I must have her.

Ferd. No, not till I am dead.

Hip. How dead? what's that? but whatsoe'er it be,
I long to have her.

Ferd. Time and my Grief may make me die.

Hip. But for a Friend you should make haste; I ne'er
Ask'd any thing of you before.

Ferd. I see your Ignorance;

And therefore will instruct you in my Meaning.

The Woman, whom I love, saw you, and lov'd you:
Now, Sir, if you love her, you'll cause my Death.

Hip. Be sure I'll do't then.

Ferd. But I am your Friend;

And I request you that you would not love her.

Hip. When Friends request unreasonable things,
Sure they're to be deny'd: You say she's fair,

And I must love all who are fair; for, to tell you
A Secret, Sir, which I have lately found

Within my self; they are all made for me.

Ferd. That's but a fond Conceit: You're made for
one,

And one for you.

Hip. You cannot tell me, Sir;

I know I'm made for twenty hundred Women.

(I mean if there so many be i' th' World)

So that if once I see her, I shall love her.

Ferd. Then do not see her.

Hip. Yes, Sir, I must see her.

For I wou'd fain have my Heart beat again,

Just as I did when I first saw her Sister.

Ferd. I find I must not let you see her then.

Hip.

Hip. How will you hinder me?

Ferd. By force of Arms,

Hip. By force of Arms?

My Arms perhaps may be as strong as yours.

Ferd. He's still so ignorant, that I pity him,
And fain would avoid Force: Pray do not see her,
She was mine first; you have no Right to her.

Hip. I have not yet consider'd what is right,
But, Sir, I know my Inclinations are
To love all Women: And I have been taught,
That to dissemble what I think, is base.
In honour then of Truth, I must declare
That I do love, and I will see your Woman.

Ferd. Wou'd you be willing I should see and love
Your Woman, and endeavour to seduce her
From that Affection which she vow'd to you?

Hip. I wou'd not you should do it, but if she
Should love you best, I cannot hinder her.
But, Sir, for fear she shou'd, I will provide
Against the worst, and try to get your Woman.

Ferd. But I pretend no Claim at all to yours;
Besides you are more Beautiful than I,
And fitter to allure unpractis'd Hearts.
Therefore I once more beg you will not see her.

Hip. I'm glad you let me know I have such Beauty,
If that will get me Women, they shall have it
As far as e'er 'twill go: I'll never want 'em.

Ferd. Then since you have refus'd this Act of Friend-
ship,
Provide your self a Sword, for we must fight.

Hip. A Sword, what's that?

Ferd. Why such a thing as this:

Hip. What should I do with it?

Ferd. You must stand thus,
And push against me, while I push at you,
Till one of us fall dead.

Hip. This is brave Sport;
But we have no Swords growing in our World.

Ferd. What shall we do then to decide our Quarrel?

Hip.

Hip. We'll take the Sword by turns, and fight with it.

Ferd. Strange Ignorance! — You must defend your Life,

And so must I. But since you have no Sword,
Take this; for in a Corner of my Cave

[*Gives him his Sword.*]

I found a rusty one; perhaps 'twas his
Who keeps me Pris'ner here: That I will fit:
When next we meet, prepare your self to fight.

Hip. Make haste then, this shall ne'er be yours again.
I mean to fight with all the Men I meet,
And when they're dead, their Women shall be mine.

Ferd. I see you are unskilful: I desire not
To take your Life, but, if you please, we'll fight
On these Conditions; he who first draws Blood,
Or who can take the other's Weapon from him,
Shall be acknowledg'd as the Conqueror,
And both the Women shall be his.

Hip. Agreed,
And ev'ry Day I'll fight for two more with you.

Ferd. But win these first.

Hip. I'll warrant you I'll push you. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II. *The wild Island.*

Enter Trincalo, Caliban, and Sycorax.

Calib. My Lord, I see 'em coming yonder.

Trin. Whom?

Calib. The starv'd Prince, and his two thirsty Subjects, that would have our Liquor.

Trinc. If thou wert a Monster of Parts, I would make thee my Master of Ceremonies, to conduct 'em in. The Devil take all Dunces, thou hast lost a brave Employment, by not being a Linguist, and for want of Behaviour.

Syc. My Lord, shall I go meet 'em? I'll be kind to all of 'em, just as I am to thee.

Trinc. No, that's against the fundamental Laws of my Dukedom: You are in a high Place, Spouse, and must

must give good Example. Here they come, we'll put on the Gravity of Statesmen, and be very dull, that we may be held wise.

Enter Stephano, Ventoso, and Mustacho.

Vent. Duke *Trincalo*, we have consider'd.

Trinc. Peace or War?

Must. Peace, and the Butt.

Steph. I come now as a private Person, and promise to live peaceably under your Government.

Trinc. You shall enjoy the Benefits of Peace; and the first Fruits of it, amongst all civil Nations, is to be drunk for Joy: *Caliban*, skink about.

Steph. I long to have a Rowse to her Grace's Health, and to the *Haunse in Kelder*, or rather Haddock in *Kelder*, for I guess it will be half Fish. [*Aside.*]

Trinc. Subject *Stephano*, here's to thee; and let old Quarrels be drown'd in this Draught. [*Drinks.*]

Steph. Great Magistrate, here's thy Sister's Health to thee. [*Drinks to Calib.*]

Syc. He shall not drink of that immortal Liquor, My Lord, let him drink Water.

Trinc. O Sweet-heart, you must not shame your self to-day. Gentlemen Subjects, pray bear with her good Huswifry: She wants a little Breeding, but she's hearty.

Must. Ventoso, here's to thee. Is it not better to pierce the Butt, than to quarrel and pierce one another's Bel-lies?

Vent. Let it come, Boy.

Trinc. Now wou'd I lay Greatness aside, and shake my Heels, if I had but Musick.

Calib. O my Lord! my Mother left us in her Will a hundred Spirits to attend us, Devils of all sorts, some great roaring Devils, and some little singing Sprights.

Syc. Shall we call? And thou shall hear them in the Air.

Trinc. I accept the Motion: Let us have our Mother-in-law's Legacy immediately.

Caliban.

Caliban Sings.

*We want Musick, we want Mirth,
Up, Dam, and cleave the Earth:
We have now no Lords that wrong us,
Send thy merry Sprights among us.*

Trinc. What a merry Tyrant am I, to have my Musick, and pay nothing for't?

A Table rises, and four Spirits with Wine and Meat enter, placing it, as they dance, on the Table: The Dance ended, the Bottles vanish, and the Table sinks again.

Vent. The Bottle's drunk.

Mus. Then the Bottle's a weak shallow Fellow, if it be drunk first.

Trinc. *Stephano*, give me thy Hand, thou hast been a Rebel, but here's to thee: [*Drinks.*] Pr'ythee why should we quarrel? Shall I swear two Oaths? By Bottle, and by Butt I love thee: In witness whereof I drink soundly.

Steph. Your Grace shall find there's no Love lost, for I will pledge you soundly.

Trinc. Thou hast been a false Rebel, but that's all one; pledge my Grace faithfully.

Trinc. *Caliban*, go to the Butt, and tell me how it sounds: Peer *Stephano*, dost thou love me?

Steph. I love your Grace, and all your Princely Family.

Trinc. 'Tis no matter if thou lov'st me; hang my Family: Thou art my Friend, pr'ythee tell me what thou think'st of my Princess?

Steph. I look on her, as on a very noble Princess.

Trinc. Noble? indeed she had a Witch to her Mother, and the Witches are of great Families in *Lapland*; but the Devil was her Father, and I have heard of the *Mon-sieur De-Villes* in *France*; but look on her Beauty, is she a fit Wife for Duke *Trincalo*? Mark her Behaviour too, she's tippling yonder with the Serving-men.

Steph.

Steph. An't please your Grace, she's somewhat homely, but that's no Blemish in a Princess. She is virtuous.

Trinc. Umph! Virtuous! I am loth to disparage her; but thou'art my Friend, canst thou be close?

Steph. As a stop'd Bottle, an't please your Grace.

Enter Caliban again with a Bottle.

Trinc. Why then I'll tell thee, I found her an Hour ago under an Elder-tree, upon a sweet Bed of Nettles, singing Tory, Rory, and Rantum, Scantum, with her own Natural Brother.

Steph. O Jew! make Love in her own Tribe?

Trinc. But 'tis no matter, to tell thee true, I marry'd her to be a great Man, and so forth: But make no Words on't, for I care not who knows it, and so here's to thee again. Give me the Bottle, *Caliban!* did you knock the Butt? How does it sound?

Calib. It sounds as though it had a Noise within.

Trinc. I fear the Butt begins to rattle in the Throat, and is departing: Give me the Bottle. [*Drinks.*]

Must. A short Life and a merry, I say.

[*Steph. whispers Sycorax.*]

Syc. But did he tell you so?

Steph. He said you were as ugly as your Mother, and that he marry'd you only to get Possession of the Island.

Syc. My Mother's Devils fetch him for't.

Steph. And your Father's too. Hem! skink about his Grace's Health again. O if you will but cast an Eye of Pity upon me——

Syc. I will cast two Eyes of Pity on thee, I love thee more than Haws, or Blackberries, I have a Hoard of Wildings in the Moss, my Brother knows not of 'em; but I'll bring thee where they are.

Steph. *Trinculo* was but my Man when time was.

Syc. Wert thou his God, and didst thou give him Liquor?

Steph. I gave him Brandy, and drunk Sack my self; Wilt thou leave him, and thou shalt be my Princess?

Syc. If thou canst make me glad with this Liquor.

Steph.

Steph. I'll warrant thee; we'll ride into the Country where it grows.

Syc. How wilt thou carry me thither?

Steph. Upon a Hackney-Devil of thy Mother's.

Trinc. What's that you will do? Hah! I hope you have not betray'd me? How does my Pigs-nye?

[*To Sycorax.*

Syc. Begone! thou shalt not be my Lord, thou say'st I'm ugly.

Trinc. Did you tell her so——hah! he's a Rogue, do not believe him, Chuck.

Steph. The foul Words were yours: I will not eat 'em for you.

Trinc. I see, if once a Rebel, then ever a Rebel. Did I receive thee into Grace for this? I will correct thee with my Royal Hand.

[*Strikes Steph.*

Syc. Dost thou hurt my Love?

[*Flies at Trinc.*

Trinc. Where are our Guards? Treason! Treason!

[*Vent. Must. Calib. run betwixt.*

Vent. Who took up Arms first, the Prince or the People?

Trinc. This false Traytor has corrupted the Wife of my Bosom. [*Whispers Mustacho hastily.*] *Mustacho*, strike on my side, and thou shalt be my Vice-Roy.

Must. I'm against Rebels! *Ventoso*, obey your Vice-Roy.

Vent. You a Vice-Roy?

[*They two fight off from the rest.*

Steph. Hah! Hector Monster! do you stand Neuter?

Calib. Thou would'st drink my Liquor, I will not help thee.

Syc. 'Twas his doing that I had such a Husband, but I'll claw him.

[*Syc. and Calib. fight, Syc. beating him off the Stage.*

Trinc. The whole Nation is up in Arms, and shall I stand idle?

[*Trinc. beats off Steph. to the Door. Exit Steph.* I'll not pursue too far, for fear the Enemy will rally again, and surprize my Butt in the Cittadel. Well, I must be

rid of my Lady *Trincalo*, she will be in the Fashion else;
first, Cuckold her Husband, and then sue for a Separation,
to get Alimony. [Exit.]

SCENE III. *The Cypress-Trees and Cave.*

Enter Ferdinand and Hippolito, with their Swords drawn.

Ferd. Come, Sir, our Cave affords no Choice of Place,
But the Ground's firm and even: Are you ready?

Hip. As ready as your self, Sir.

Ferd. You remember

On what Conditions we must fight? Who first
Receives a Wound is to submit.

Hip. Come, come,

This loses Time; now for the Woman, Sir.

[They fight a little, Ferdinand hurts him.]

Ferd. Sir, you are wounded.

Hip. No.

Ferd. Believe your Blood.

Hip. I feel no Hurt, no matter for my Blood.

Ferd. Remember our Conditions.

Hip. I will not leave, till my Sword hits you too.

[Hip. presses on, Ferd. retires and wards.]

Ferd. I'm loth to kill you, you are unskilful, Sir.

Hip. You beat aside my Sword, but let it come

As near as yours, and you shall see my Skill.

Ferd. You faint for loss of Blood, I see you stagger;
Pray, Sir, retire.

Hip. No! I will ne'er go back——

Methinks the Cave turns round, I cannot find——

Ferd. Your Eyes begin to dazle.

Hip. Why do you swim so, and dance about me?
Stand but still till I have made one Thrust.

[Hip. thrusts and falls.]

Ferd. O help, help, help!

Unhappy Man! what have I done?

Hip. I'm going to a cold Sleep, but when I wake,

I'll

I'll fight again. Pray stay for me.

[Swoons.]

Ferd. He's gone!

He's gone! O stay, sweet lovely Youth! Help! help!

Enter Prospero.

Pros. What dismal Noise is that?

Ferd. O see, Sir, see!

What Mischief my unhappy Hand has wrought.

Pros. Alas! how much in vain doth feeble Art
Endeavour to resist the Will of Heav'n! [Rubs Hip.]

He's gone for ever; O thou cruel Son
Of an inhuman Father! all my Designs
Are ruin'd and unravell'd by this Blow.
No Pleasure now is left me but Revenge.

Ferd. Sir, if you knew my Innocence——

Pros. Peace, peace,

Can thy Excuses give me back his Life?

What *Ariel*? Sluggish Spirit, where art thou?

Enter Ariel.

Ariel. Here, at thy beck, my Lord.

Pros. Ay, now thou com'st,

When Fate is past, and not to be recall'd.

Look there, and glut the Malice of thy Nature,
For as thou art thy self, thou canst not but
Be glad to see young Virtue nipt i'th' Blossom.

Ariel. My Lord, the *Being* high above can witness
I am not glad; we airy Spirits are not of
A Temper so malicious as the earthy,
But of a Nature more approaching good.
For which we meet in Swarms, and often combat
Betwixt the Confines of the Air and Earth.

Pros. Why didst thou not prevent, at least foretel
This fatal Action then?

Ariel. Pardon, great Sir,

I meant to do it, but I was forbidden

By the ill Genius of *Hippolito*,

Who came and threaten'd me, if I disclos'd it,

To bind me in the bottom of the Sea,

Far from the lightsome Regions of the Air,
(My native Fields) above a hundred Years.

Prosp. I'll chain thee in the North for thy Neglect,
Within the burning Bowels of Mount *Hecle*;
I'll finge thy airy Wings with sulph'rous Flames,
And choak thy tender Nostrils with blue Smoak,
At ev'ry Hick-up of the belching Mountain,
Thou shalt be lifted up to taste fresh Air,
And then fall down again.

Ariel. Pardon, dread Lord.

Prosp. No more of Pardon than just Heav'n intends
thee,

Shalt thou e'er find from me : Hence ! fly with speed,
Unbind the Charms which hold this Murtherer's Father,
And bring him, with my Brother, streight before me.

Ariel. Mercy, my potent Lord ! and I'll outfly
Thy Thought. [Exit Ariel.]

Ferd. O Heav'ns ! what Words are these I heard ?
Yet cannot see who spoke 'em : Sure the Woman
Whom I lov'd was like this, some airy Vision.

Prosp. No, Murd'rer, she's, like thee, of mortal
Mould,

But much too pure to mix with thy black Crimes ;
Yet she has Faults, and must be punish'd for 'em.

Miranda and Dorinda ! where are ye ?

The Will of Heav'n's accomplish'd : I have now
No more to fear, and nothing left to hope,
Now you may enter.

Enter Miranda and Dorinda.

Mir. My Love ! is it permitted me to see
You once again ?

Prosp. You come to look your last ;
I will for ever take him from your Eyes.
But, on my Blessing, speak not, nor approach him.

Dor. Pray, Father, is not this my Sister's Man ?
He has a noble Form ; but yet he's not
So excellent as my *Hippolito*.

Prosp. Alas, poor Girl ! thou hast no Man : Look yon-
der ; There's

There's all of him that's left.

Dor. Why, was there ever any more of him?
He lies asleep, Sir, shall I waken him?

[She kneels by Hippolito, and jogs him.]

Ferd. Alas! he's never to be wak'd again.

Dor. My Love, my Love! will you not speak to me?
I fear you have displeas'd him, Sir, and now
He will not answer me; he's dumb and cold too;
But I'll run streight, and make a Fire to warm him,

[Exit Dorinda running.]

Enter Alonzo, Gonzalo, Antonio; and Ariel invisible.

Alon. Never were Beasts so hunted into Toils,
As we have been pursu'd by dreadful Shapes.
But is not that my Son? O *Ferdinand*!
If thou art not a Ghost, let me embrace thee.

Ferd. My Father! O sinister Happiness!
Is it decreed I should recover you
Alive, just in that fatal Hour when this
Brave Youth is lost in Death, and by my Hand?

Ant. Heav'n! what new Wonder's this?

Gonz. This Isle is full of nothing else.

Pros. You stare upon me as you ne'er had seen me;
Have fifteen Years so lost me to your Knowledge,
That you retain no Memory of *Prospero*?

Gonz. The good old Duke of *Millain*!

Pros. I wonder less,
That thou, *Antonia*, know'st me not, because
Thou didst long since forget I was thy Brother,
Else I ne'er had been here.

Ant. Shame choaks my Words.

Alonz. And Wonder mine.

Pros. For you, usurping Prince, *[To Alonz.]*
Know, by my Art, you were shipwrack'd on this Isle,
Where, after I a while had punish'd you,
My Vengeance would have ended; I design'd
To match that Son of yours, with this my Daughter.

Alonz. Pursuit it still, I am most willing to't.

Pros. So am not I. No Marriages can prosper
Which are with Murderers made; look on that Corps.
This, whilst he liv'd, was young *Hippolito*,

That Infant Duke of *Mantua*, Sir, whom you
Expos'd with me; and here I bred him up,
Till that blood-thirsty Man, that *Ferdinand* —
But why do I exclaim on him, when Justice
Calls to unsheath her Sword against his Guilt?

Alonz. What do you mean?

Prosp. To execute Heav'n's Laws.

Here I am plac'd by Heav'n, here I am Prince,
Though you have dispossest me of my *Millain*.
Blood calls for Blood; your *Ferdinand* shall die.
And I; in Bitterness, have sent for you,
To have the sudden Joy of seeing him alive,
And then the greater Grief to see him die.

Alonz. And think'st thou I, or these, will tamely stand
To view the Execution? [*Lays Hand upon his Sword.*]

Ferd. Hold, dear Father!

I cannot suffer you t'attempt against
His Life, who gave her Being whom I love.

Prosp. Nay, then appear my Guards—I thought no
To use their Aid; (I'm curs'd because I us'd it.) [more
[*He stamps and many Spirits appear.*]

But they are now the Ministers of Heav'n,
Whilst I revenge this Murder.

Alonz. Have I for this

Found thee, my Son, so soon again to lose thee?

Antonio, Gonzalo, speak for pity.

Ferd. Adieu, my fairest Mistress! [*To Mir.*]

Mir. Now I can hold no longer; I must speak.

Though I am loth to disobey you, Sir,
Be not so cruel to the Man I love,
Or be so kind to let me suffer with him.

Ferd. Recall that Pray'r, or I shall wish to live,
Though Death be all the mends that I can make.

Prosp. This Night I will allow you, *Ferdinand*,
To fit you for your Death, that Cave's your Prison.

Alonz. Ah, *Prospero*! hear me speak, You are a Father,
Look on my Age, and look upon his Youth.

Prosp. No more! all you can say is urg'd in vain,
I have no room for Pity left within me.

Do you refuse? help, *Ariel*, with your Fellows

To

To drive 'em in ; *Alonzo* and his Son
Bestow in yonder Cave, and here *Gonzalo*
Shall with *Antonio* lodge.

[*Spirits drive 'em in, as they are appointed.*

Enter Dorinda.

Dor. Sir, I have made a Fire, shall he be warm'd ?

Prosp. He's dead, and vital Warmth will ne'er return.

Dor. Dead, Sir ! what's that ?

Prosp. His Soul has left his Body.

Dor. When will it come again ?

Prosp. O never, never !

He must be laid in Earth, and there consume.

Dor. He shall not lie in Earth, you do not know

How well he loves me : Indeed he'll come again ;

He told me he would go a little while,

But promis'd me he would not tarry long.

Prosp. He's murder'd by the Man who lov'd your Sister.

Now both of you may see what 'tis to break

A Father's Precept ; you would needs see Men,

And by that sight are made for ever wretched.

Hippolito is dead, and *Ferdinand*

Must die for murdering him.

Mir. Have you no Pity ?

Prosp. Your Disobedience has so much incens'd me,

That I this Night can leave no Blessing with you.

Help to convey the Body to my Couch,

Then leave me to mourn over it alone.

[*They bear off the Body of Hip-*

Enter Miranda and Dorinda again. Ariel behind 'em.

Ariel. I've been so chid for my Neglect by *Prospero*,

That I must now watch all, and be unseen.

Mir. Sister, I say again, 'twas long of you

That all this Mischief happen'd.

Dor. Blame not me

For your own Fault, your Curiosity

Brought me to see the Man.

Mir. You safely might

Have seen him, and retir'd, but you would needs

Go near him, and converse ; you may remember

My Father call'd me thence, and I call'd you.

Dor. That was your Envy, Sister, not your Love;
You call'd me thence, because you could not be
Alone with him your self; but I am sure
My Man had never gone to Heav'n so soon,
But that yours made him go. [Crying.]

Mir. Sister, I could not wish that either of'em
Should go to Heav'n without us, but it was
His Fortune, and you must be satisfy'd.

Dor. I'll not be satisfy'd: My Father says
He'll make your Man as cold as mine is now;
And when he is made cold, my Father will
Not let you strive to make him warm again.

Mir. In spite of you, mine never shall be cold.

Dor. I'm sure 'twas he that made me miserable,
And I will be reveng'd. Perhaps you think
'Tis nothing to lose a Man.

Mir. Yes, but there is
Some Difference betwixt my *Ferdinand*,
And your *Hippolito*.

Dor. Ay, there's your Judgment.
Yours is the oldest Man I ever saw,
Except it were my Father.

Mir. Sister, no more.
It is not comely in a Daughter, when
She says her Father's old.

Dor. But why do I
Stay here, whilst my cold Love perhaps may want me?
I'll pray my Father to make yours cold too.

Mir. Sister, I'll never sleep with you again.

Dor. I'll never more meet in a Bed with you,
But lodge on the bare Ground, and watch my Love.

Mir. And at the Entrance of that Cave I'll lie,
And echo to each Blast of Wind a Sigh.

[*Exeunt severally, looking discontentedly on one another.*]

Ariel. Harsh Discord reigns throughout this fatal Isle,
At which good Angels mourn, ill Spirits smile;
Old *Prospero*, by his Daughters robb'd of Rest,
Has in displeasure left 'em both unblest.
Unkindly they abjure each other's Bed,
To save the Living, and revenge the Dead.

Alonso

Alonso and his Son are Pris'ners made,
 And good *Gonzalo* does their Crimes upbraid.
Antonio and *Gonzalo* disagree,
 And wou'd, though in alone Cave, at distance be.
 The Seamen all that cursed Wine have spent,
 Which still renew'd their Thirst of Government;
 And wanting Subjects for the Food of Pow'r,
 Each wou'd, to rule one, the rest devour.
 The Monsters *Sycorax* and *Caliban*,
 More monstrous grow by Passions learn'd from Man.
 Even I, not fram'd of warring Elements,
 Partake and suffer in these Discontents.
 Why should a Mortal by Enchantments hold
 In Chains a Spirit of Ætherial Mold?
 Accursed Magick we our selves have taught,
 And our own Pow'r has our Subjection wrought! [*Exit.*



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ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Prosp. YOU beg in vain ; I cannot pardon him,
He has offended Heav'n.

Mir. Then let Heav'n punish him.

Prosp. It will, by me.

Mir. Grant him at least some Respite for my sake.

Prosp. I by deferring Justice should incense
The Deity against my self and you.

Mir. Yet I have heard you say, the Pow'rs above
Are slow in punishing, and should not you
Resemble them ?

Prosp. The Argument is weak,
But I want time to let you see your Errors ;
Retire, and, if you love him, pray for him. [*He's going.*]

Mir. And can you be his Judge and Executioner ?

Prosp. I cannot force *Gonzalo*, or my Brother,
Much less the Father to destroy the Son ;
It must be then the Monster *Caliban*,
And he's not here ; but *Ariel* strait shall fetch him.

Enter Ariel.

Ariel. My potent Lord, before thou call'st, I come
To serve thy Will.

Prosp. Then, Spirit, fetch me here my Salvage Slave.

Ariel. My Lord, it does not need.

Prosp. Art thou then prone to Mischief, wilt thou be
Thy self the Executioner ?

Ariel. Think better of thy airy Minister,
Who, for thy sake, unbidden, this Night has flown
O'er almost all the habitable World.

Prosp. But to what purpose was all thy Diligence ?

Ariel.

Ariel. When I was chidden by my mighty Lord,
For my Neglect of young *Hippolito*,
I went to view his Body, and soon found
His Soul was but retir'd, not fally'd out :
Then I collected
The best of Simples underneath the Moon,
The best of Balms, and to the Wound apply'd.
The healing Juice of vulnerary Herbs.
His only Danger was his Loss of Blood.
But now he's wak'd, my Lord, and just this Hour
He must be dress'd again, as I have done it.
Anoint the Sword which pierc'd him with this Weapon-
Salve, and wrap it close from Air till I have time to
visit him again.

Pros. Thou art my faithful Servant,
It shall be done ; be it your Task, *Miranda*,
Because your Sister is not present here ;
While I go visit your dear *Ferdinand*,
From whom I will a while conceal this News,
That it may be more welcome.

Mir. I obey you,
And with a double Dnty, Sir : For now
You twice have given me Life.

Pros. My *Ariel*, follow me. [Exitunt severally.]

[*Hippolito discover'd on a Couch; Dorinda by him.*]

Dor. How do you find your self ?

Hip. I'm somewhat cold,
Can you not draw me nearer to the Sun ?
I am too weak to walk.

Dor. My Love, I'll try.

[*She draws the Chair nearer the Audiense.*]

I thought you never would have walk'd again,
They told me you were gone away to Heav'n ;
Have you been there ?

Hip. I know not where I was.

Dor. I will not leave you, till you promise me
You will not die again.

Hip. Indeed I will not.

Dor. You must not go to Heav'n, unless we go
Together ; for I've heard my Father say,

That

That we must strive to be each other's Guide,
The Way to it will else be difficult,
Especially to those who are so young;
But I much wonder what it is to die.

Hip. Sure 'tis to Dream, a kind of breathless Sleep,
When once the Soul's gone out.

Dor. What is the Soul?

Hip. A small blue Thing, that runs about within us.

Dor. Then I have seen it in a frosty Morning
Run smoking from my Mouth.

Hip. But, dear *Dorinda*,
What is become of him who fought with me?

Dor. O! I can tell you joyful News of him,
My Father means to make him die to Day,
For what he did to you.

Hip. That must not be,
My dear *Dorinda*; go and beg your Father
He may not die; it was my Fault he hurt me,
I urg'd him to it first.

Dor. But if he live, he'll ne'er leave killing you.

Hip. O no! I just remember when I fell asleep,
I heard him calling me a great way off,
And crying over me as you wou'd do;
Besides, we have no Cause of Quarrel now.

Dor. Pray how began your Difference first?

Hip. I fought with him for all the Women in the World.

Dor. That Hurt you had was justly sent from Heav'n,
For wishing to have any more but me.

Hip. Indeed I think it was, but I repent it,
The Fault was only in my Blood, for now
'Tis gone, I find I do not love so many.

Dor. In Confidence of this, I'll beg my Father
That he may live; I'm glad the naughty Blood,
That made you love so many, is gone out.

Hip. My Dear, go quickly, lest you come too late.

[Exit *Dor.*

Enter Miranda at the other Door, with Hippolito's Sword
wrapt up.

Hip. Who's this who looks so Fair and Beautiful,
As nothing but *Dorinda* can surpass her?

O ! I believe it is that Angel Woman,
Whom she calls Sister.

Mir. Sir, I am sent hither
To dress your Wound ; how do you find your Strength ?

Hip. Fair Creature, I am faint with loss of Blood.

Mir. I'm sorry for't.

Hip. Indeed, and so am I,
For if I had that Blood, I then should find
A great Delight in loving you.

Mir. But, Sir,
I am another's, and your Love is given
Already to my Sister.

Hip. Yet I find
That, if you please, I can love still a little.

Mir. I cannot be unconstant, nor should you.

Hip. O my Wound pains me.

Mir. I am come to ease you. [*She unwraps the Sword.*]

Hip. Alas ! I feel the cold Air come to me,
My Wound shoots worse than ever.

[*She wipes, and anoints the Sword.*]

Mir. Does it still grieve you ?

Hip. Now methinks there's something
Laid just upon it.

Mir. Do you find no Ease ?

Hip. Yes, yes, upon the sudden all the Pain
Is leaving me : Sweet Heav'n, how I am eas'd !

Enter Ferdinand and Dorinda to them.

Ferd. [*To Dor.*] Madam, I must confess my Life is
I owe it to your Generosity. [*yours.*]

Dor. I am o'erjoy'd my Father lets you live,
And proud of my good Fortune, that he gave
Your Life to me.

Mir. How ? gave his Life to her !

Hip. Alas ! I think she said so, and he said
He ow'd it to her Generosity.

Ferd. But is not that your Sister with *Hippolito* ?

Dor. So kind already ?

Ferd. I came to welcome Life, and I have met
The cruellest of Deaths.

Hip. My dear *Dorinda* with another Man ?

Dor.

Dor. Sister, what Business have you here?

Mir. You see I dress *Hippolito*.

Dor. You're very charitable to a Stranger.

Mir. You are not much behind in Charity,
To beg a Pardon for a Man, whom you
Scarce ever saw before.

Dor. Henceforward let your Surgery alone;
For I had rather he should die, than you
Should cure his Wound.

Mir. And I wish *Ferdinand* had dy'd, before
He ow'd his Life to your Entreaty.

Ferd. to Hip. Sir, I am glad you are so well recover'd.
You keep your Humour still to have all Women?

Hip. Not all, Sir, you except one of the Number,
Your new Love there, *Dorinda*.

Mir. Ah *Ferdinand*! can you become Inconstant?
If I must lose you, I had rather Death
Should take you from me, than you take your self.

Ferd. And if I might have chose, I would have wish'd
That Death from *Prospero*, and not this from you.

Dor. Ay, now I find why I was sent away,
That you might have my Sister's Company.

Hip. *Dorinda*, kill me not with your Unkindness;
This is too much, first to be false your self,
And then accuse me too.

Ferd. We all accuse
Each other, and each one denies their Guilt,
I should be glad it were a mutual Error.
And therefore first to clear my self from Fault;
Madam, I beg your Pardon, while I say
I only love your Sister. [To *Dorinda*.

Mir. O blest Word!

I'm sure I love no Man but *Ferdinand*.

Dor. Nor I, Heav'n knows, but my *Hippolito*.

Hip. I never knew I lov'd so much; before
I fear'd *Dorinda*'s Constancy, but now
I am convinc'd that I lov'd none but her;
Because none else can recompence her Loss.

Ferd. 'Twas happy then we had this little Trial.
But how we all so much mistook, I know not.

Mir.

Mir. I have only this to say in my Defence :
My Father sent me hither, to attend
The wounded Stranger.

Dor. And *Hippolito*
Sent me to beg the Life of *Ferdinand*.

Ferd. From such small Errors left at first unheeded,
Have often sprung sad Accidents in Love :
But see, our Fathers and our Friends are come
To mix their Joys with ours.

Enter Prospero, Alonzo, Antonio, and Gonzalo.

Alon. to Prosp. Let it no more be thought of ;
Your Purpose, though it was severe, was just.
In losing *Ferdinand* I should have mourn'd,
But could not have complain'd.

Prosp. Sir, I am glad
Kind Heav'n decreed it otherwise.

Dor. O Wonder !
How many goodly Creatures are there here !
How beauteous Mankind is !

Hip. O brave new World,
That has such People in't !

Alon. to Ferd. Now all the Blessings
Of a glad Father compass thee about,
And make thee happy in thy beauteous Choice.

Gonz. I've inward wept, or should have spoken ere
this.

Look down, sweet Heav'n, and on this Couple drop
A blessed Crown, for it is you chalk'd out
The Way which brought us hither.

Anto. Though Penitence
Forc'd by Necessity can scarce seem real,
Yet, dearest Brother, I have hope my Blood
May plead for Pardon with you ; I resign
Dominion, which, 'tis true, I could not keep,
But Heav'n knows too, I would not.

Prosp. All past Crimes
I bury in the Joy of this bless'd Day.

Alon. And, that I may not be behind in Justice,
To this young Prince I render back his Dukedom,
And as the Duke of Mantua thus salute him.

Hip.

Hip. What is it that you render back? methinks
You give me nothing.

Prosp. You are to be Lord
Of a great People, and o'er Towns and Cities.

Hip. And shall these People be all Men and Women?

Gonz. Yes, and shall call you Lord.

Hip. Why then I'll live no longer in a Prison,
But have a whole Cave to my self hereafter.

Prosp. And that your Happiness may be compleat,
I give you my *Dorinda* for your Wife;
She shall be yours for ever, when the Priest
Has made you one.

Hip. How can he make us one? Shall I grow to her?

Prosp. By saying holy Words you shall be join'd
In Marriage to each other.

Dor. I warrant you those holy Words are Charms.
My Father means to conjure us together.

Prosp. My *Ariel* told me, when last Night you quar-
rell'd, [To his Daughters.

You said you would for ever part your Beds.
But what you threaten'd in your Anger, Heav'n
Has turn'd to Prophecy.

For you, *Miranda*, must with *Ferdinand*,
And you, *Dorinda*, with *Hippolito*,
Lie in one Bed hereafter.

Alon. And Heav'n make
Those Beds still fruitful in producing Children,
To bless their Parents Youth, and Grandfires Age.

Mir. to Dor. If Children come by lying in a Bed,
I wonder you and I had none between us.

Dor. Sister, it was our Fault, we meant like Fools
To look 'em in the Fields, and they, it seems,
Are only found in Beds.

Hip. I am o'er-joy'd
That I shall have *Dorinda* in a Bed,
We'll lie all Night and Day together there,
And never rise again.

Ferd. [aside to him.] *Hippolito*! You yet
Are ignorant of your great Happiness;
But there is somewhat, which for your own and fair

Dorinda's

Dorinda's sake, I must instruct you in.

Hip. Pray teach me quickly
How Men and Women in your World make Love;
I shall soon learn, I warrant you.

*Enter Ariel, driving in Stephano, Trincalo, Mustacho,
Ventoso, Caliban, and Sycorax.*

Pros. Why that's my dainty *Ariel*, I shall miss thee,
But yet thou shalt have Freedom.

Gonz. O look, Sir, look; the Master and the Sailors—
The Bosen too——my Prophecy is out,
That if a Gallows were on Land, that Man
Could ne'er be drown'd.

Alon. Now, Blasphemy, what, not one Oath ashore?
Hast thou no Mouth by Land? Why star'st thou so?
[To Trincalo.

Trinc. What, more Dukes yet? I must resign my
Dukedom;
But 'tis no matter, I was almost starv'd in't.

Must. Here's nothing but wild Sallads, without Oil or
Vinegar.

Steph. The Duke and Prince alive! would I had now
Our gallant Ship again, and were her Master,
I'd willingly give all my Island for her.

Vent. And I my Vice-Royship.

Trinc. I shall need no Hangman, for I shall e'en hang
my self, now my Friend Butt has shed his last Drop of
Life. Poor Butt is quite departed.

Anto. They talk like Mad-men.

Pros. No matter, Time will bring 'em to themselves,
And now their Wine is gone, they will not quarrel.
Your Ship is safe and tight, and bravely rigg'd,
As when you first set sail.

Alon. This News is wonderful.

Ariel. Was it well done, my Lord?

Pros. Rarely, my Diligence.

Gonz. But pray, Sir, what are those mis-shapen Creatures?

Pros. Their Mother was a Witch, and one so strong,
She would controul the Moon, make Flows and Ebbs,
And deal in her Command without her Pow'r.

Syc. O Serebos! these be brave Sprights indeed!

Pros.

Pros. Go, Sirrah, to my Cell, and as you hope
For Pardon, trim it up. [To Calib.

Calib. Most carefully. I will be wise hereafter.
What a dull Fool was I, to take those Drunkards!
For Gods, when such as these were in the World!

Pros. Sir, I invite your Highness and your Train]
To my poor Cave this Night; a part of which
I will employ, in telling you my Story.

Alon. No doubt it must be strangely taking, Sir.

Pros. When the Morn draws, I'll bring you to your
Ship,

And promise you calm Seas, and happy Gales.
My *Ariel*, that's thy Charge: Then to the Elements
Be free, and fare thee well.

Ariel. I'll do it, Master.

Pros. Now to make amends
For the rough Treatment you have found to Day,
I'll entertain you with my Magick Art:
I'll, by my Power, transform this Place, and call
Up those that shall make good my Promise to you.

SCENE changes to the Rocks, with the Arch of
Rocks, and calm Sea, Musick playing on the
Rocks.

Pros. Neptune, and your fair *Amphitrite*, rise;
Oceanus, with your *Tethys* too appear;
All ye Sea-Gods, and Goddesses, appear!
Come, all ye *Tritons*; all ye *Nereids*, come,
And teach your sawcy Element to obey:
For you have Princes now to entertain,
And unfoil'd Beauties, with fresh youthful Lovers.

[Neptune, Amphitrite, Oceanus and Tethys appear
in a Chariot drawn with Sea-Horses; on each side
of the Chariot, Sea-Gods, and Goddesses, Tritons
and Nereids.

Alon. This is prodigious!

Anto. Ah! what amazing Objects do we see?

Gonz. This Art doth much exceed all human Skill.

SONG.

S O N G.

- Amph. **M**Y Lord, Great Neptune, for my sake,
Of these bright Beauties Pity take:
And to the rest allow
Your Mercy too.
Let this enraged Element be still,
Let Æolus obey my Will:
Let him his boisterous Prisoners safely keep
In their dark Caverns, and no more
Let 'em disturb the Bosom of the Deep,
'Till these arrive upon their wish'd-for Shore.
- Neptune. So much my Amphitrite's Love I prize,
That no Commands of hers I can despise.
Tethys no Furrows now shall wear,
Oceanus no Wrinkles on his Brow,
Let your serenest Looks appear!
Be calm and gentle now.
- Nept. & } Be calm, ye great Parents of the Floods and the
Amph. } Springs,
While each Nereid and Triton Plays, Revels,
and Sings.
- Ocean. Confine the roaring Winds, and we
Will soon obey you chearfully.
- Chorus } Tie up the Winds, and we'll obey,
of Trit. } Upon the Floods we'll sing and play,
and Ner. } And celebrate a Halcyon Day.
- [Here the Dancers mingle with the
Singers, and perform a Dance.]
- Neptune. Great Nephew Æolus make no Noise,
Muzzle your roaring Boys. [Æolus appears.]
- Amph. Let 'em not bluster to disturb our Ears,
Or strike these noble Passengers with Fears.
- Neptune. Afford 'em only such an easy Gale,
As pleasantly may swell each Sail.
- Amph. While fell Sea-monsters cause intestine Fears,
This Empire you invade by foreign Wars.
- Neptune. But you shall now be still,
And shall obey my Amphitrite's Will.
- Æolus.

Æolus } *You'll obey, who at one Stroke can make,*
descends. } *With your dread Trident, the whole Earth to quake.*
Come down, my Blusters, swell no more.
Your stormy Rage give o'er.

[Winds from the four Corners appear.
 Let all black Tempests cease ———

And let the troubled Ocean rest:

Let all the Sea enjoy as calm a Peace,
As where the Halcyon builds her quiet Nest.

To your Prisons below,

Down, down you must go:

You in the Earth's Entrails your Revels may keep;
But no more till I call shall you trouble the Deep.

[Winds fly down.

Now they are gone, all stormy Wars shall cease;
Then let your Trumpeters proclaim a Peace.

Amph.

Tritons, my Sons, your Trumpets sound,
And let the Noise from neighbouring Shores rebound.

Chorus. } *Sound a Calm.*
 } *Sound a Calm.*
 } *Sound a Calm.*
 } *a Calm.*
 } *Sound a Calm.*

[Here the Tritons, at every repeat of *Sound a Calm*,
 changing their Figure and Postures, seem to sound
 their wreathed Trumpets made of Shells.

A Symphony of Musick, like Trumpets, to which
four Tritons dance.

Neptune. *See, see, the Heavens smile, all your Troubles are past,*
Your Joys by black Clouds shall no more be o'ercast.

Amph. *On this barren Isle ye shall lose all your Fears,*
Leave behind all your Sorrows, and banish your
Cares.

Both. } *And your Loves and your Lives shall in Safety*
 } *enjoy;*

} *No Influence of Stars shall your Quiet destroy.*

Chorus } *And your Loves, &c.*

of all } *No Influence, &c.*

[Here the Dancers mingle with the Singers.
Oceanus,

Oceanus. *We'll safely convey you to your own happy Shore,
And yours and your Country's soft Peace will re-
store.*

Tethys. *To treat you blest Lovers, as you sail on the Deep,
The Tritons and Sea-Nymphs their Revels shall
keep.*

Both. *On the swift Dolphins Backs they shall sing and
shall play;
They shall guard you by Night, and delight you
by Day.*

Chorus. *On the swift, &c.
of all And shall guard, &c.*

*[Here the Dancers mingle with the Singers.
[A Dance of twelve Tritons.]*

Mir. What charming Things are these?

Dor. What heav'nly Pow'r is this?

Pros. Now, my Ariel, be visible,
And let the rest of your aerial Train
Appear, and entertain 'em with a Song.

SCENE changes to the Rising Sun, and a number of
Aerial Spirits in the Air, Ariel flying from the Sun,
advances towards the Pit.

And then farewell my long-lov'd Ariel.

Alon. Heav'n! what are these we see?

Pros. They are Spirits, with which the Air abound;
In Swarms, but that they are not subject
To poor feeble mortal Eyes.

Anto. O wondrous Skill!

Gonz. O Power divine!

Ariel and the rest sing the following Song.

*Where the Bee sucks, there suck I,
In a Cowslip's Bed I lie;
There I couch when Owls do cry.
On the Swallow's Wings I fly
After Summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the Blossom that hangs on the Bough.*

Song

Song ended, Ariel speaks, hovering in the Air.

Ariel. My noble Master!

May theirs and your blest Joys never impair.

And for the Freedom I enjoy in Air,

I will be still your *Ariel*, and wait

On airy Accidents that work for Fate.

Whatever shall your Happiness concern,

From your still faithful *Ariel* you shall learn.

Pros. Thou hast been always diligent and kind!

Farewel, my long-lov'd *Ariel*! thou shalt find

I will preserve thee ever in my Mind.

Henceforth this Isle to the Afflicted be

A Place of Refuge, as it was to me:

The Promises of blooming Spring live here,

And all the Blessings of the ripening Year!

On my Retreat let Heav'n and Nature smile,

And ever flourish the *Enchanted Isle*!

[*Exeunt.*]





EPILOGUE.

Gallants, by all good Signs it does appear,
That Sixty seven's a very damning Year,
For Knaves abroad, and for ill Poets here.

*Among the Muses there's a gen'ral Rot,
The Rhyming Monsieur, and the Spanish Plot:
Defy or Court, all's one, they go to Pot.*

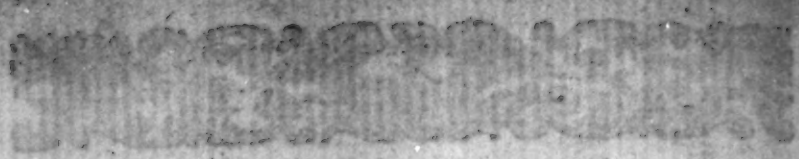
*The Ghosts of Poets walk within this Place,
And haunt us Actors wheresoe'er we pass,
In Visions bloodier than King Richard's was.*

*For this poor Wretch, he has not much to say,
But quietly brings in his Part o'th' Play,
And begs the Favour to be damn'd to Day.*

*He sends me only like a Sh'riff's Man here,
To let you know the Malefactor's near,
And that he means to die, en Cavalier.*

*For if you should be gracious to his Pen,
Th' Example will prove ill to other Men,
And you'll be troubled with 'em all again.*





EPILOGUE

Of this I have to say, that I have not
yet seen the end of the world, but
I have seen the beginning of it.

And I have seen the beginning of the
end of the world, and I have seen
the beginning of the end of the world.

I have seen the beginning of the end of
the world, and I have seen the beginning
of the end of the world, and I have seen
the beginning of the end of the world.

I have seen the beginning of the end of
the world, and I have seen the beginning
of the end of the world, and I have seen
the beginning of the end of the world.

I have seen the beginning of the end of
the world, and I have seen the beginning
of the end of the world, and I have seen
the beginning of the end of the world.

I have seen the beginning of the end of
the world, and I have seen the beginning
of the end of the world, and I have seen
the beginning of the end of the world.

